

THE
HARVEY

PEPPLE FEWITH
SACRED

John

Vene

PNO

W. J.

Kirkpatrick

PHILADELPHIA

T. TUTTER, SR. PUBLISHER
321 CHESTNUT STREET

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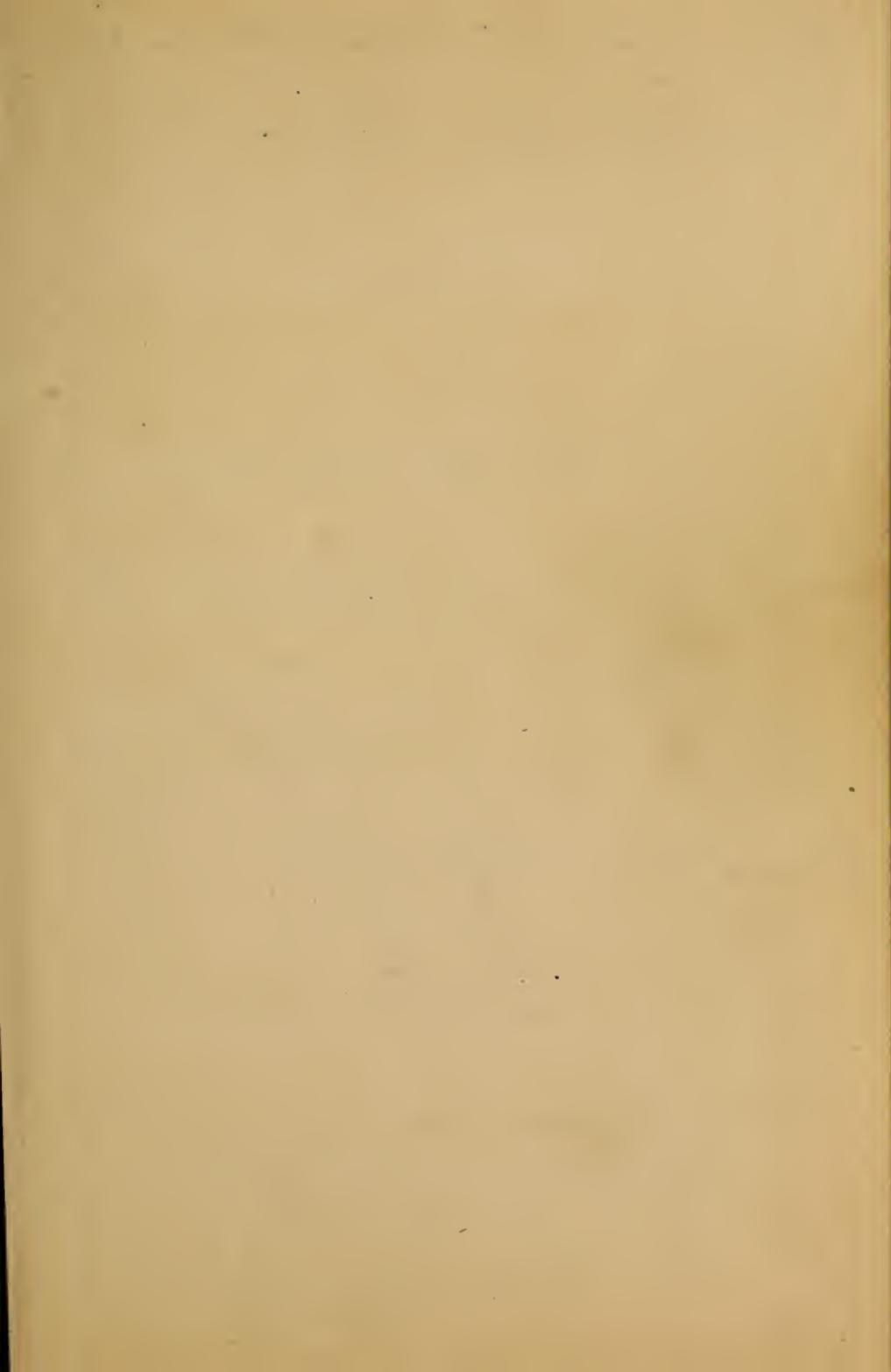
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✓
GLAD



HALLELUJAHs,

REPLETE WITH SACRED SONGS.



✓

JNO. R. SWEENEY 

✓

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,



PHILADELPHIA:

Thos. T. Tasker, Sr., Publisher,
No. 921 Arch Street.

PREFACE.

THE success of Songs of Triumph, and the demand for another collection of equal merit, by the same editors and publisher, has induced the preparation of

❖ GLAD Hallelujahs ❖

O sing unto the Lord a new song.

—Psalm 98: 1.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm 150: 6.

I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying:

ALLELUIA!

Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.—Revelation 19: 1.

May you sing Hallelujah,
May I sing Hallelujah.
May we all sing Hallelujah,
In that bright world above.

JOHN R. SWEENEY,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

Musical Editors.

THOS. T. TASKER, Sr.,

Publisher.

GLAD HALLELUJAHS.



No. I.

GLAD HALLELUJAHs.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Once more, O Fa - ther, we are come To this bright hallowed place, To
2. Oh, sa - cred spot to pray-ing souls, Oh, gar - den of the Lord! Place
3. How have our days fled swift a - way, The sea - sons in their round; We're
4. Our hearts, dear Lord with thankfulness And grat - i - tude o'er - flow; For

praise and bless thy ho - ly Name And sup - pli - ate thy grace.
where de - vot and kin-dred minds Praise him in blest ac - cord.
draw - ing near - er to our home, To which, through grace we're bound.
by thy mer - cy are we taught Our bet - ter part to know.

REFRAIN.

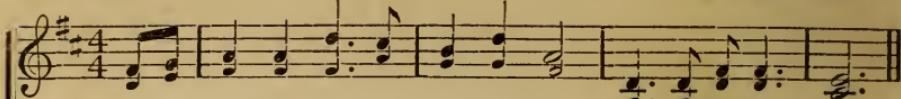
Sound aloud GLAD HAL - LE - LU - JAHs Songs of joy ex - ult - ing sing.

Ech - o back, oh, roll - ing o - cean, Prais - es to our Lord and King.

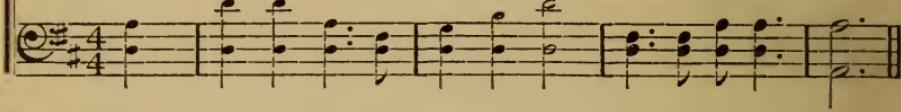
No. 2. LET THE BLESSED SAVIOUR IN.

E. E. HEWITT.

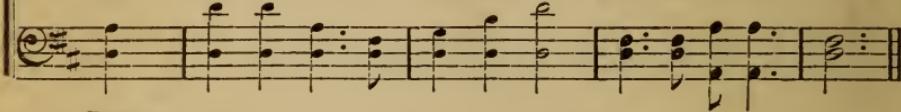
W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



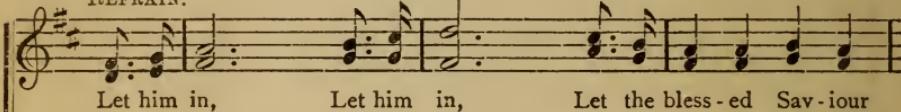
1. Who stands out-side the clos-ed door? Rise and let him in.
 2. It is the Sav-iour calls to thee, Rise and let him in.
 3. In pa-tient love he plead-ing stands, Rise and let him in.
 4. All night he kept his vig-ils true; Rise and let him in.



Who is it knocking, o'er and o'er? Rise and let him in.
 He will come in and sup with thee, Rise and let him in.
 The nail prints still are in his hands, Rise and let him in.
 Be - hold his locks are wet with dew; Rise and let him in.



REFRAIN.



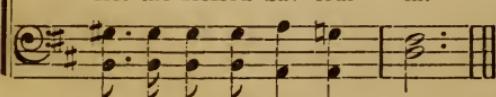
Let him in, Let him in, Let the bless-ed Sav-iour
 Let him in, Let him in,



in; He is standing at the door, He is knocking o'er and o'er,
 Let him in,



Let the blessed Sav-iour in.



5. O why should he be waiting now?
 Rise and let him in.
 Thy Lord, with glory-circled brow,
 Rise and let him in.

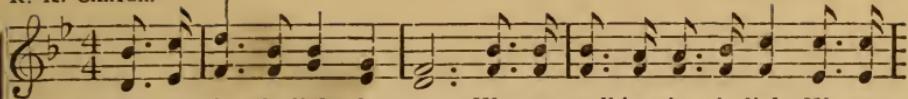
6. Beware, beware! undo the door;
 Rise and let him in.
 Lest he should leave thee evermore,
 Rise and let him in.

No. 3.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

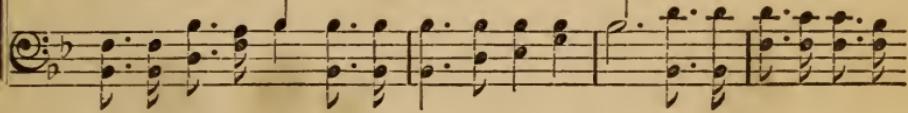
R. K. CARTER.



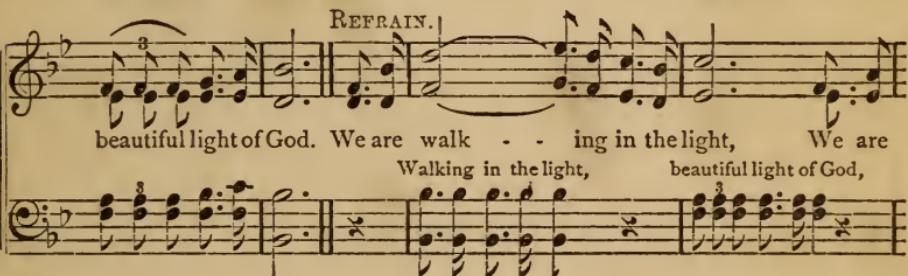
1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins for-given, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing His power to save, We are walking in the light, We are



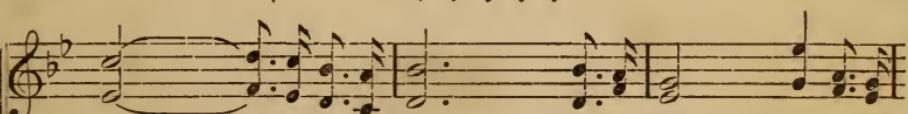
walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the walking in the light; O what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the



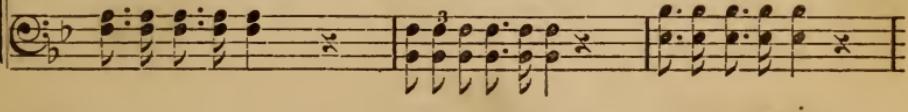
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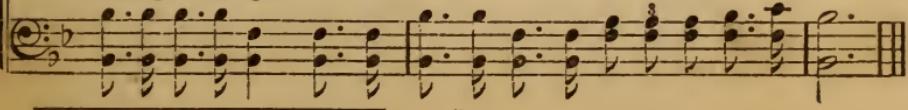
beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,



walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light,



light,..... We are walking in the beau ti - full light of God.
Walking in the light.



No. 4.

THE CRIMSON STREAM.

Rev. W. J. STEVENSON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. I stand be-side the crim-son stream That flows from Calv'ry's mount,
 2. The blood of Christ a lone will save From guilt, and fear, and care;
 3. I claim the promised blessing now, Free-dom from ev - 'ry sin,
 4. I sink in-to the crim-son stream, Christ's blood is now ap - plied;

And long to wash a - way all sin, With - in its cleansing fount.
 His blood will sweetly pur - i - fy, When sought in ear - nest prayer.
 The power to lead a ho - ly life, With Christ in God shut in.
 I rise a-gain, re-deemed by him, And whol - ly pur - i - fied.

REFRAIN.

Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin;

Refrain to last verse:—

Halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah! I'm washed from all sin;

Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.

Halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah! Yes, now I am clean.

No. 5.

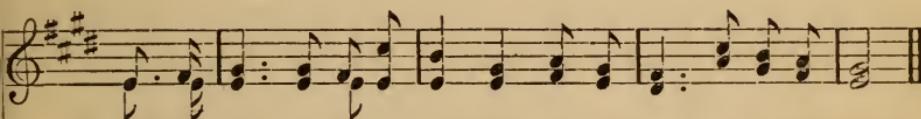
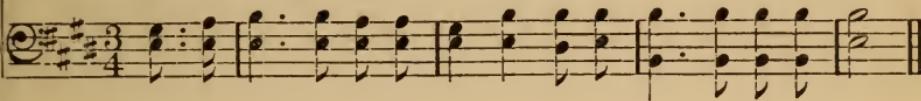
IN REALMS OF GLORY.

ANNA C. STOREY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Far a-way where happy voi - ces Float a - mong ce - les-tial bowers;
 2. Far a way where saints immor-tal At the feet of Christ their King,
 3. Far a-way beyond the riv - er We shall find the lost a - gain;
 4. Far a-way we long to has-ten, Far a-way our steps to bend,



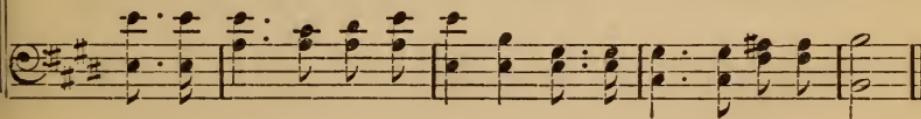
Where the spray, from living fountains, Bathes in light the blooming flowers.
 Cast - ing crown and palm be-fore him, Day and night his tri - umph sing.
 From the links that death has bro-ken, Love will weave a brighter chain.
 There to rest in peace for-ev - er, Heart with heart, and friend with friend.



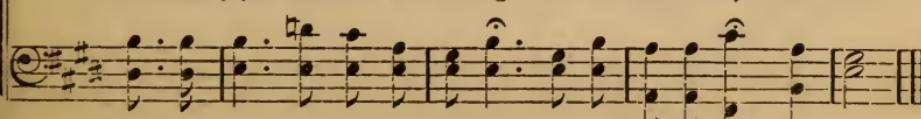
REFRAIN.



Far a - way in realms of glo - ry, Where the blest in Je-sus dwell;



O! the joy, the bliss of meeting, Nev-er more to say fare - well.



No. 6.

NONE LIKE JESUS.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. We love to tell of him who came Our gentle guide to be, Though
 2. We love to seek his promised grace And ask his ten-der care, We
 3. We love to know that day by day We do not walk a lone, If
 4. O may he lead us safe-ly on Till days and years are past, Then

earth - ly friends a - round us cling There's none so dear as he.
 love to hear his pre- cious Name And breathe that Name in pray'r.
 one in him our faith can feel His hand with - in our own.
 take our hap - py souls on high To dwell with him at last.

REFRAIN.

None like Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - - jah, None so dear as
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, None so dear as

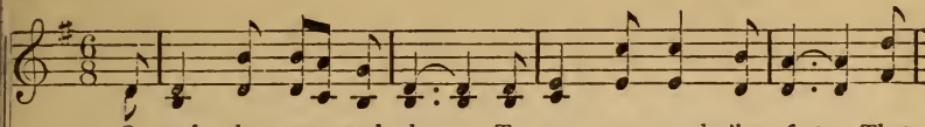
he, Though earthly friends a - round us cling, There's none so dear as he.
 he, dear as he.

No. 7.

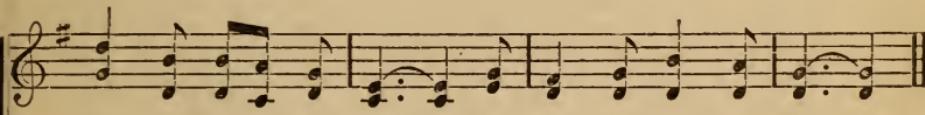
COME HOME, MY CHILD.

MRS. E. E. BOYD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



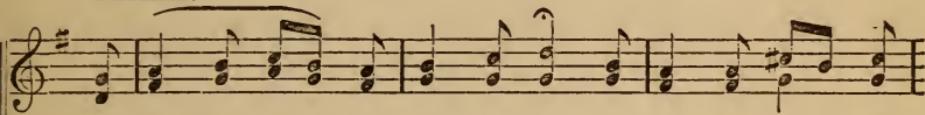
1. O, sad the way and drear To wea - ry, wander'ing feet, That
 2. Nay, do not wan - der on, Though flow - 'ry be the way, The
 3. What shall it prof - it thee Thy fa - ther's house to leave, His
 4. On husks thou canst not feed, The world gives noth - ing more; Then
 5. There's light, and rest, and love, And par - don full and free; Wilt



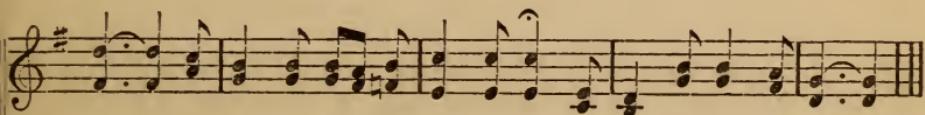
find no shel - ter near To shield when tem - pests beat.
 bloom will soon be gone, And short, the bright - est day.
 face no more to see, His lov - ing heart to grieve?
 in thine hour of need, Come to the o - pen door.
 thou not let me prove The love I bear to thee?



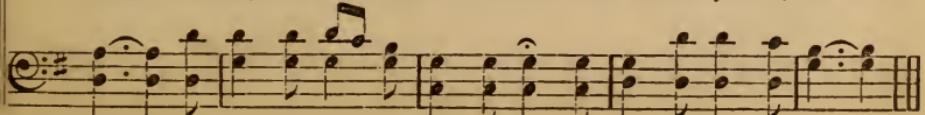
REFRAIN.



Come home..... my child, come home, O where-fore wilt thou
 Come home,



roam? I waiting stand, with outstretched hand, Come home my child, come home.



No. 8. NO SHELTER BUT IN CHRIST.

JAMES L. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

9

1. There is no shel - ter for the soul, On earth, in heaven a - bove,
 2. There is no shel - ter from the night, So cold and dark and drear
 3. There is no shel - ter from the storm That frowns a - bove our head,
 4. There is no ref - uge but in Christ, Tho' we the world should gain,

9

No shelter but in Christ the Lord, No ref - uge but his love.
 But in the Lord, our righteous-ness, Whose kind - ly aid is near.
 But in the Lamb of Cal-va - ry Whose blood for all was shed.
 The soul with - out his grace is lost, All oth - er hope is vain.

REFRAIN.

Then fly..... to the ark where the wea - ry dove Came

O fly, rit. a tempo.

back to the place of rest, O fly to the arms,..... to the sheltering O fly to the arms, To the

arms..... Of the Sa - viour that loves thee best.
 shel-ter - ing arms.

No. 9. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. xiv: 12.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



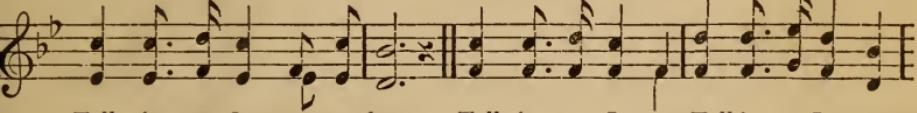
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the tho't of dy - ing Tell it to Je - sus,



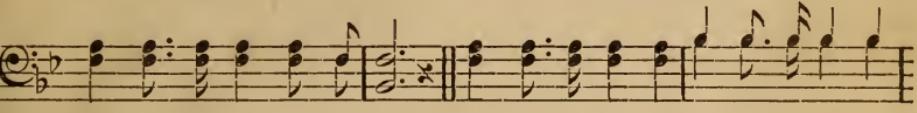
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh - ing?



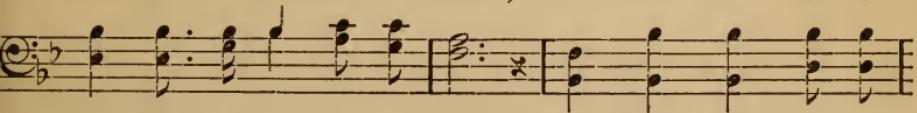
REFRAIN.



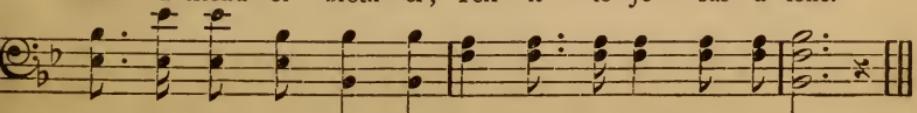
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er



such a friend or broth - er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



From "Gates of Praise," by per.

No. 10.

BLESSED JESUS.

Slow, with feeling.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Now the sol - emn sha-dows dark - en, And the daylight slow-ly
 2. Some are tried with doubts and dangers, Some have found their hearts grov -
 3. Some in con - flict sore have striv - en, With temp - ta - tion fierce and
 4. By thy pas - sion in the gar-den, By thine an - guish on the
 5. When our earth - ly day is clos-ing, And the night grows still and

dies, Ho - ly Saviour, Thou wilt hearken When thy children's prayers arise.
 cold, Some are al - iens now, and strangers To the faith they loved of old.
 strong, Lord, to them let strength be giv - en If the bat - tle should be long.
 tree, By that precious gift of par-don Won for us a - lone by thee.
 deep, Let us, in thine arms re - pos-ing, Feel thy power to save and keep.

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Look on us with lov - ing
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Bring them back in - to the
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Change their mourning in - to
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Set the sin - bound captives
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Give thine own be - lov - ed

eyes, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Look on us with loving eyes.
 fold, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Bring them back in - to the fold.
 song, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Change their mourning into song.
 free, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Set the sin-bound captives free.
 sleep, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Give thine own be-lov - ed sleep.

No. II. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!
 2. Ah, this is what I'm want - ing, His love - ly face to see;
 3. I can - not live with - out him, Nor would I if I could;
 4. Some - times when I am wea - ry, And I fain would be at rest;
 5. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his ap-point-ed time;

How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;
 And I'm not a-fraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.

He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.
 When my anx - ious soul is long - ing To re - pose up - on his breast,
 And a - long the up - ward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.

When my heart is crushed with sor - row; And my eyes with tears are dim,
 He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own.
 He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;
 Then he an - swers me so sweet - ly, In the ten - derest tones of love,
 There, in my Fa - ther's dwell - ing, Where ma - ny man - sions be,

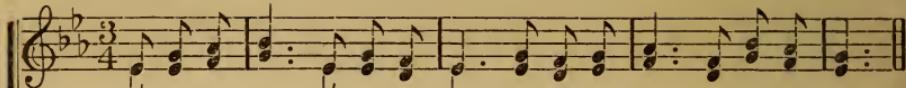
There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with him.
 And he'll ne'er for - get his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
 Chief - est a - mong ten thou - sand, And fair - est of the fair.
 "I am com - ing soon to take thee To my hap - py home a - bove."
 I shall sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

No. 12.

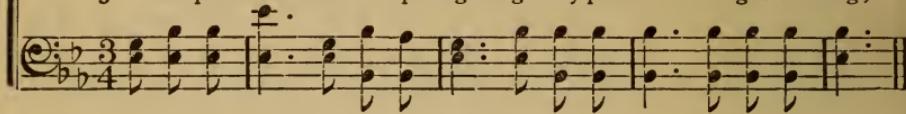
ALL BRIGHT ABOVE.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

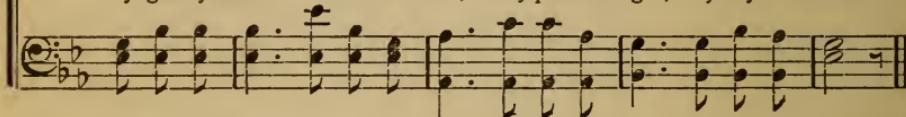
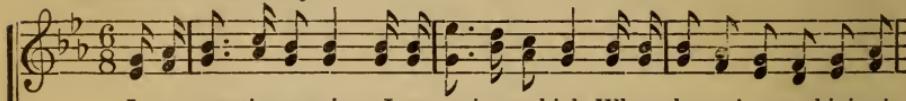
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I see the bright effulgent rays Out beaming from the Saviour's face;
 2. O blessed vision,—glad surprise,—It breaks upon my wond'ring eyes,—
 3. Triumphant Christ! all conqu'ring King! Thy praises I delight to sing;



No dark'ning clouds obscure the sight Of his sweet smile—my Life, my Light.
 The Sun of Righteousness di-vine, In whom the Father's glories shine.
 Thy glo-ry shines around me here, My path is bright, my sky is clear.

REFRAIN. *Not too fast.*

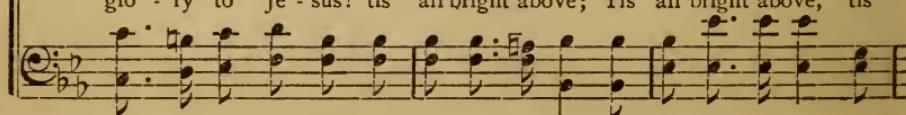
I am mounting on wings, I am soaring on high, Where the sun's ever-shining in



unclouded sky, In the joy of his presence, the smiles of his love; Oh,



glo - ry to Je - sus! 'tis all bright above; 'Tis all bright above, 'tis



ALL BRIGHT ABOVE. Concluded.

all bright a-bove, Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus! 'tis all bright a - bove.

No. 13.

CONSECRATION.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se - cra - ted
 2. O Je - sus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal -
 3. O let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
 4. I'm thine, O blessed Je - sus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

REFRAIN.

offer - ing, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 va - tion, Thy promise now I claim. } My all is on the Al - tar, I'm
 offering, And cleanse and make me whole. } Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.

ritard.

waiting for the fire. Waiting, waiting, wait-ing, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

No. 14.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Chorus by W. J. K.)

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be
2. Take my feet, and let them be
3. Take my lips, and let them be
4. Take my moments, and my days,

Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee;
 Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
 Filled with mes - sa - ges for thee;
 Let them flow in end - less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, —
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use

At the im - pulse of thy love.
 Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

REFRAIN.

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the prec - ious blood,
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood, } Lord, I give to

thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

5. Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6. Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!

No. 15.

NEVER-FAILING GRACE.

FRANK. E. GRAEF.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Come to me! oh, precious mes - sage! Sweet un - to a fall - en race,
 2. Ye who long have heard the tid - ings Sounding forth in words of love,
 3. Come all ye with burdens lad - en, Sorrows which you can - not bear,
 4. Come ye too who long have striv - en, 'Gainst the tide of sin to row,

Tak - ing in the most 'a - bandoned, Reaching out to ev - ery place,
 Ye who long have passed un - heed-ed, In - vi - ta - tions from a - bove,
 In your own weak, err - ing na - ture, Let the Sa - viour have a share;
 Fighting hard with fears and pas - sions Which like bil - lows o - ver - flow,

What a ful - ness, What a ful - ness Of a nev - er - fail - ing
 There's a wel - come, There's a wel - come He delights to have you
 He will help you, He will help you With his love so rich and
 Trust the Sa - viour, Trust the Sa - viour, He will bring you safe - ly

grace! What a ful - ness, What a ful - ness Of a nev - er - fail - ing grace!
 prove, There's a welcome, There's a welcome He delights to have you prove.
 rare, He will help you, He will help you With his love so rich and rare.
 through, Trust the Saviour, Trust the Sa - viour, He will bring you safe - ly through.

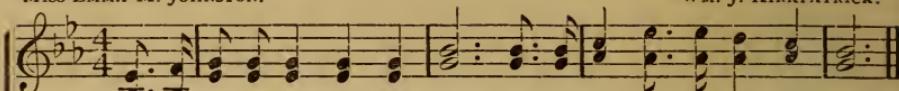
5. Come all ye who've tried and fallen,
 Wounded by the hand of sin—
 Sins ye thought had long been conquered,
 But were lurking still within;
 He has conquered,
 Come and find your strength in him!

6. Come ye too who would not hearken
 To the oft-repeated call,
 Still it rings, a joyful message,
 Come to me, there's grace for all!
 Now accept him,
 As your Friend, your Christ, your All.

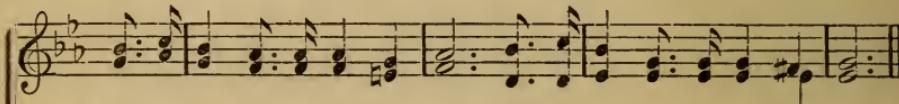
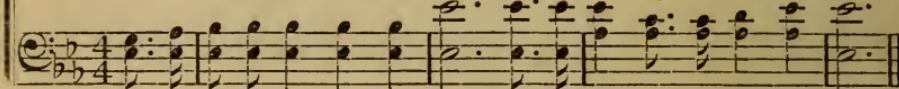
No. 16. THE BEAUTIFUL TIME TO COME!

MISS EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

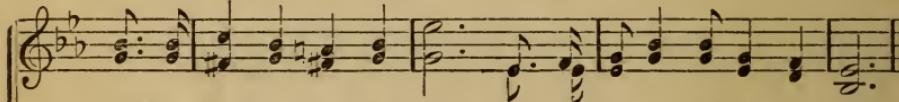
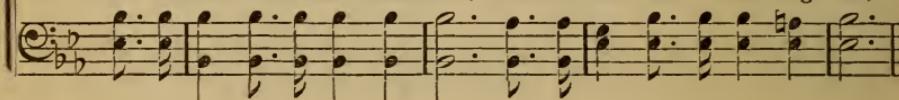
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



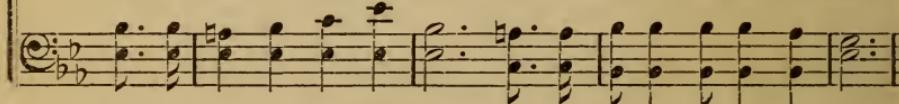
1. There's a beau-ti-ful time to come, To the wear-y of heart and sad,
2. In the beau-ti-ful time to come There is ful-ness of joy in store,
3. In the beau-ti-ful time to come, The time of the gath'ring home,
4. O the beau-ti-ful time to come! The time by the seers fore-told,



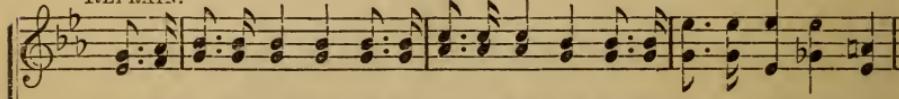
When the feet at the riv-er side Shall be staid at the ev-en-tide,
 When each sorrow shall pass a-way As the mist at the opening day,
 When the tears shall fall no more From the eyes that wept of yore,
 When the loved shall meet once more, When we hear the bend-ing oar,



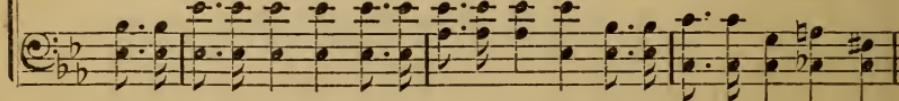
And the bur-dens laid a-side, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
 And our songs be heard for aye, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
 And the feet shall press that shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
 And cross to the other shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.



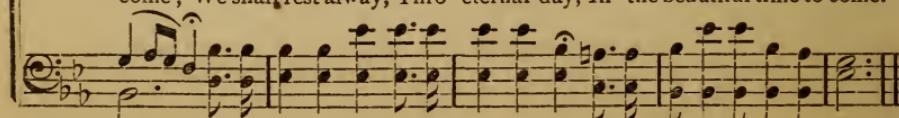
REFRAIN.



In the beau-ti-ful time, In the beau-ti-ful time, In the beau-ti-ful time to



come; We shall rest alway, Thro' eternal day, In the beautiful time to come.



No. 17.

THE WONDERFUL SONG.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. I am learn - ing the song of the ran - som'd a - bove In the
 2. I am learn - ing the song that the pure and the blest Un - to
 3. I am learn - ing the song that will nev - er grow old, I shall
 4. O that song of the ransomed the pure and the blest That on

cit - y where God is the light, And my soul is entranced with the
 Je - sus for - ev - er shall sing, I shall hail it with joy at the
 sing it when time is no more, Where the saints of all a - ges our
 earth I am long - ing to sing, How it breaks on my spir - it when

mu - sic of love As it floats from that re-gion so bright.
 por - tals of rest When I meet my Re-deem-er and King.
 Lord shall be - hold And his goodness and mer - cy a - dore.
 sad and oppressed Till the bells of my heart sweetly ring.

REFRAIN.

Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, Wonderful song of the puri-fied throng, I

soon shall be there in their glory to share And ech - o their wonderful song.

No. 18.

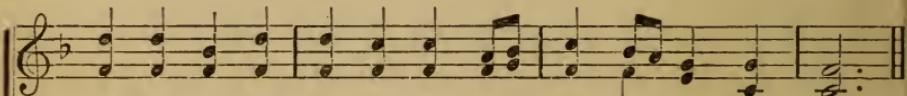
IN THE ARK.

R. K. C.

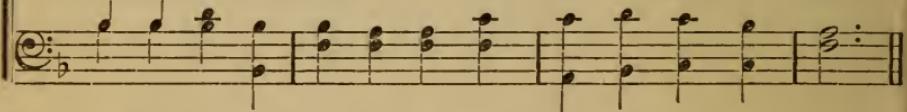
R. KELSO CARTER.



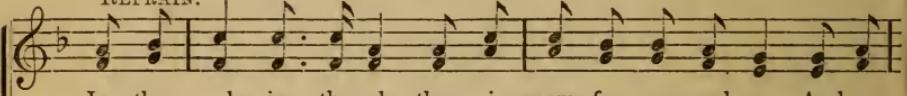
1. When judgment thunders cloud the sky, And storms are downward hurled, The
 2. Up - on the bil - lows wide and dark, By ra - ging tem - pests tossed, The
 3. I'm lost without, I'm safe with - in, To wait I can't af - ford; I
 4. The bow of prom - ise spans the sea, The roll - ing sur - ges cease; The



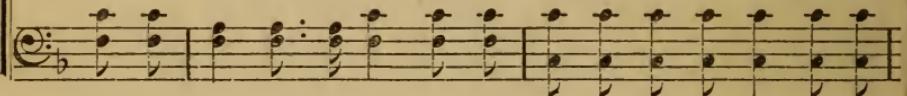
ark of God comes floating by To save a drown - ing world.
 Sav - iour throws his precious ark Wide o - pen for the lost.
 en - ter, and there shuts me in The love of Christ the Lord.
 Heavenly dove brings back to me, The ol - ive branch of Peace.



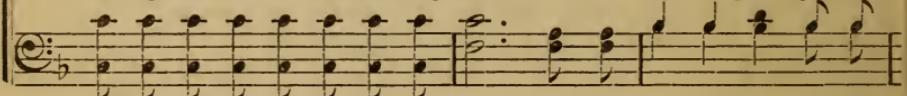
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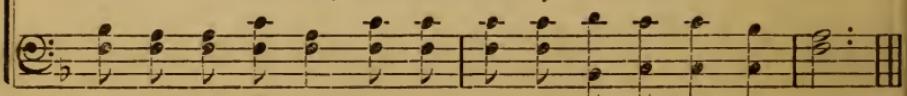
In the ark, in the ark there is room for you and me, And a



ref - uge from the o - verwhelming flood. 'Tis the day of grace, Je - sus



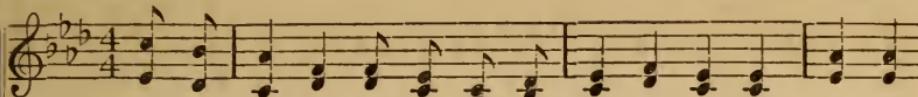
makes sal - va - tion free, And there's safe - ty in the ark of God.



No. 19. THERE'S A BLESSING FOR ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



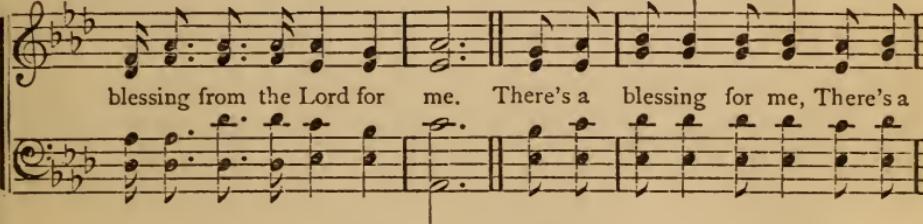
1. There is per - fect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for
 2. I am saved each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now, by
 3. Oh, the blood that keeps me from the pow'r of sin My constant
 4. There is life e - ter - nal in the precious blood That still is



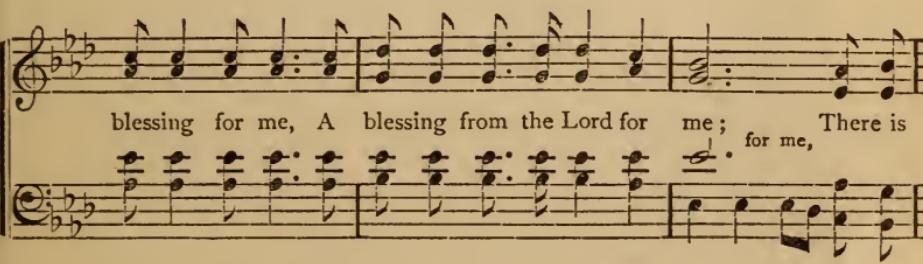
all so free, There is full sal - va - tion in its crim - son flood; There's a
 faith I see; I am sweet - ly resting at the cross I love; There's a
 theme shall be; I have laid my burden at the Saviour's feet; There's a
 flowing free, And my soul shall glo - ry in the Saviour's cross; There's a



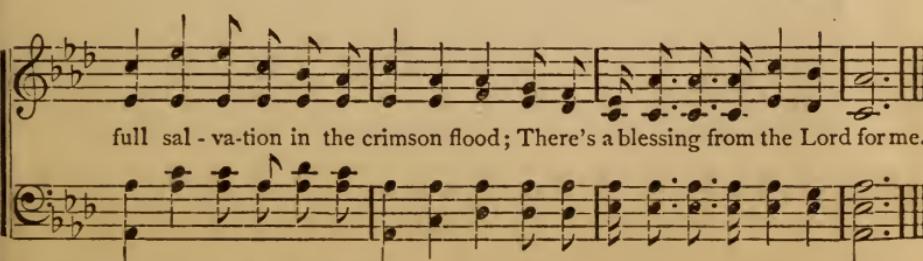
REFRAIN.



blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a



blessing for me, A blessing from the Lord for me; There is
 for me,

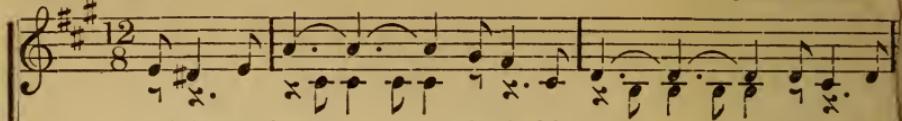


full sal - va - tion in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

No. 20. HIS CHILD FOREVERMORE.

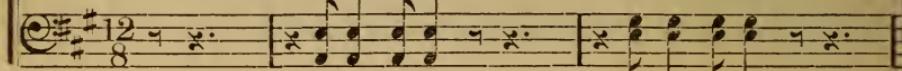
JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



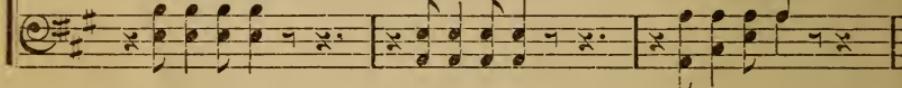
1. Of him I boast who shed for me His precious
 2. Of him I boast, my Saviour dear, Who takes a -
 3. Of him I boast, my Lord and King, Whose blessed
 4. Of him I'll boast, while here I stay, And then to

Of him I boast, who shed for me,



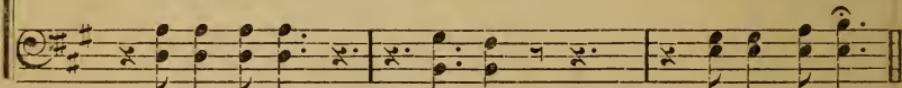
blood on Cal-va - ry, Who bore the cross that I might
 way my guilt and fear, And bids me now by faith draw
 name I love to sing, To him a - lone my heart shall
 realms of endless day I'll spread my wings and fly a -

his precious blood on Cal-va - ry, Who bore the cross

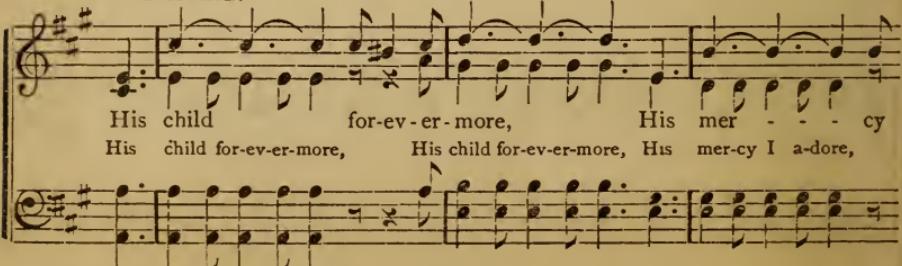


be His child for - ev - er - more.
 near, His child for - ev - er - more.
 cling, His child for - ev - er - more.
 way, His child for - ev - er - more.

that I, might be His child for - ev - er - more.



REFRAIN.



His child for-ev-er-more, His mer - - - - - cy
 His child for-ev-er-more, His child for-ev-er-more, His mer-cy I a-dore,

HIS CHILD FOREVERMORE. Concluded.

I a-dore; He bore the cross that I might
 His mer-cy I a-dore; He bore the cross,
 be His child for-ev-er-more.
 that I might be His child for-ev-er-more. His child for-ev-er-more.

No. 21.

ALL TO THEE.

JAMES I. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

I. All to thee, O Sa-viour mine, From this mo-ment I re-sign
 2. All to thee whose gen-tle hand Leads me through a thirst-y land,
 3. All to thee whose name I plead All to thee whose grace I need,
 4. All to thee whose wondrous love Bend-ing o'er me from a-bove

8:

FINE.

All with cheer-ful heart I give, For thy glo-ry I will live.
 Guides where cooling wa-ter flows, Gives me rest and calm re-pose.
 All to thee whose sweet control Dai-ly keeps my trust-ing soul.
 Lifts me up by faith to see Per-fect peace and joy in thee.

D.S.—This my ser-vent prayer shall be, Hide, O Lord, my life with thee.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

All to thee, all to thee, Thou hast shed thy blood for me,

No. 22.

A PERFECT SALVATION.

ANNA C. STOREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With a per-fect sal-va-tion through Jesus, our Lord, We are saved by his
 2. O, this per-fect sal-va-tion is boundless and free, 'Tis the pledge of God's
 3. On the cold bar-ren mountains O, why will you roam From the warm loving
 4. O, this per-fect sal-va-tion is wait-ing for you, With a gar-ment of

grace, and our faith in his word; 'Tis a gift he has purchased—his
 mer-cy to you and to me; Then a-wake out of bond-age, come
 smile of a dear Father's home. Are you will-ing to trust him? then
 praise it will clothe you a-new; It will give you a com-fort no

blood it has cost; 'Tis a light in the dark-ness for souls that are lost.
 forth at its voice, O'er a sin-ner re-turn-ing let an-gels rejoice.
 why not be-lieve That a per-fect sal-va-tion you now may receive?
 oth-er can bring, It will seal you the chil-dren and heirs of a King.

REFRAIN.

Hear the song of rapture swelling, while the ransomed ones are telling Of the

pre-cious blood of Je-sus, that will cleanse from ev-ery sin; Hear them

A PERFECT SALVATION. Concluded.

shout the wondrous sto - ry: there is room enough in glo - ry, There is
 room e - enough in glo - ry for the world to en - ter in.

No. 23. JESUS NOW IS CALLING.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Come ye weary and oppressed, Je-sus now is calling you. Come to him, he'll
 2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Je-sus now is calling you; He has made the
 3. Tho' your sins like scarlet be, Je-sus now is calling you; From your sins he'll
 4. Come ye wan'drers from the fold, Je-sus now is calling you. Oh! his love can

REFRAIN.

give you rest—Still he bids you come.
 sac - ri - fice—Still he bids you come.
 set you free—Still he bids you come.
 ne'er be told—Still he bids you come.

Je-sus now is calling, Calling, calling, calling, calling, calling, calling,

calling. Je-sus now is calling you— Calling you to come.

No. 24.

COME AGAIN.

LAURA MILLER.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Come a-gain, O toil-worn spir - it, Wherefore wea - ry shouldst thou
 2. Come a-gain, thy soul is hun - gry, And its need must be sup -
 3. Come a-gain, thou lack - est wis - dom That thy Lord a - lone can
 4. If he clothe the grass that with - ers, If his hand is o - ver

be, At the fountain, cool and sparkling, Je - sus waits to comfort thee.
 plied, Thy request, tho' oft re-peat - ed, Thy Redeem - er wilt not chide.
 give; Come a-gain, his grace will teach thee How a blameless life to live.
 all, Will he turn from thy pe - ti - tion When he marks the sparrow's fall?

REFRAIN.

Come a-gain, O come a - gain, Thou hast

Come a-gain, O come a-gain,

sought him, thou hast sought him o'er and o'er,

He has
o'er and o'er He has

blest,..... and still he bids thee Come a-gain and ask for more.
 blest, he has blest, and still he

No. 25. WHERE THE LIVING WATERS FLOW.

EDWARD E. NICKERSON, by per.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is given, Down where the
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
3. Come, with the ransomed train, The Saviour's praises sing, Down where the
4. And soon, be - fore his face, We'll praise in light a-bove, Down where the

living waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with heav'n,
liv-ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mercy free, That Christ to earth has brought,
liv-ing wa-ters flow; Re-joice! the Lamb was slain, Adore! he reigns a King,
liv-ing wa-ters flow; Tri-umphant through his grace, Made perfect by his love,

REFRAIN.

Down where the living waters flow. Down where the living waters flow,.....
living waters flow,

Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light, for

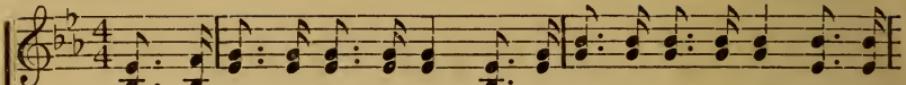
Je - sus and the right, Down where the living wa - ters flow,
liv - ing wa - ters flow.

No. 26.

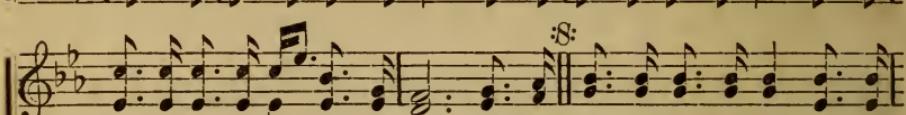
MEET ME THERE.

H. E. BLAIR.

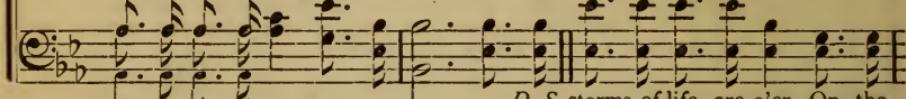
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



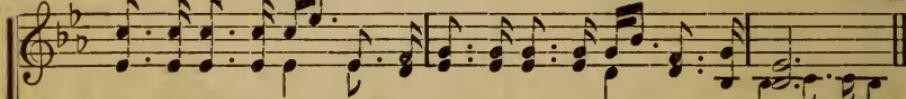
1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the



storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves a-way In - to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

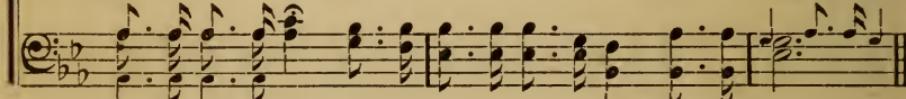


D. S. storms of life are o'er, On the
 FINE.



pure and per-fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit - y of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

meet me there.



hap - py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

REFRAIN.

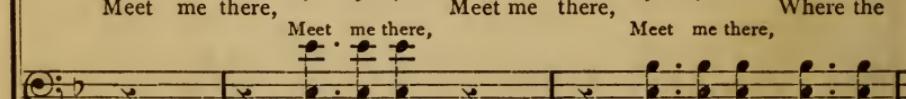


Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the

Meet me there,

Meet me there,

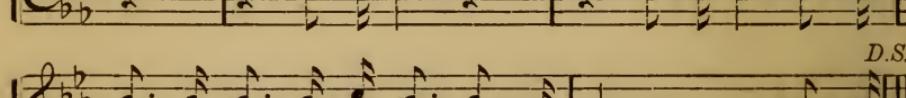
D.S.



Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there.

When the

Meet me there.



No. 27.

TENT AND MANSION.

E. A. BARNES.

(2 COR. V-1.)

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. The tent is frail, that is my earth-ly home, While I am here a
 2. 'Tis here I brave the ma-ny storms of life, And I am heretill
 3. I yet shall hear the Voicethat is di-vine, That echoes oft a -

pil-grim on the shore; A - round the tent the shadows of-ten come, And
 ev - ery storm is spent; They threaten oft a - mid their pitiless strife To
 long this stormy shore; And then, in truth, this earthly tent of mine Shall

REFRAIN.

per-ils dark are lurking near its door. } overthrow and wreck my pilgrim tent. } But I have a glo - ri - ous
 quickly fall a-way and be no more! }

home Just o - ver the shadow-y tide, A man-sion bright in the

Cit - y of God, Which shall for - ev - er a - bide.

No. 28.

TURN TO THY REST.

MRS. E. E. BOYD.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry and faint with thy wanderings O'er mountains of doubt and of sin,
 2. Yearning to taste the full meas-ure Of friendship, of honor, and truth,
 3. Earth cannot find thee a shel - ter, Life's pathway is watered by tears,

Anxiously searching for pleas - ures, And eager fame's triumphs to win,
 Finding life's honors are fleet - ing, Thy friendships laid low in the dust;
 Fleeting the joy and the sun - shine, Thy hopes are but followed by fears.

Listen through gathering darkness, To whispers of in - fin - ite love;
 Listen through surges of sor - row, To whispers of in - fin - ite love;
 Listen, look upward, he speak-eth—O lis - ten to in - fin - ite love;

God hath been bountiful to thee, Then turn like the wandering dove.....
 "I shall forsake thee no nev - er, Then turn like the wandering dove.....
 "I am thy joy and sal - va - tion, Then turn like the wandering dove.....
 wan - dering dove.

CHORUS.

To thy rest O my soul, Turn to thy refuge and rest,
 To thy rest O my soul, thy refuge and rest,

TURN TO THY REST. Concluded.

Turn, O my soul to thy refuge, thy refuge and rest.
 Turn, O my soul to thy refuge and rest, to thy refuge, to thy refuge and rest.
 Turn, turn, turn, turn,

No. 29. BLESSED SALVATION.

E. E. HEWITT.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK:

1. { Blessed sal - va - tion I take it with joy, Saved, saved, saved;
 Now shall his praises my glad lips employ, Saved, saved, saved.
 }
 2. { "No condemnation" through what he has done, Saved, saved, saved;
 Liv-ing by faith in the Cru - ci - fied One, Saved, saved, saved. }

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood, O glo - ry to God! Saved by the blood of Je - sus,

Tell the glad news, O spread it abroad, Saved by the blood of Je - sus.

3. Claiming his promise to all who believe,
 Saved, saved, saved;
 More of his fullness of grace to receive,
 Saved, saved, saved.

4. Thus overcoming, the glad shout we raise,
 Saved, saved, saved;
 Thine all the glory, O Lord and the praise,
 Saved, saved, saved.

No. 30. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Words by J. H.

Music arranged for this Work.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
 2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
 3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;

Hap - py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day:
 There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when weary, find sweet rest:
 Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet,

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past;
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is.

For his love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.
 While I from his fullness gath - er Grace and comfort ev - 'ry day.
 May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righteousness.

No. 31.

ALL FOR JESUS.

1. All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my being's ransom'd pow'rs:
 All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
 All my days, and all my hours.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my days, and all my hours. :||

2. Let my hands perform his bidding,
 Let my feet run in his ways—
 Let my eyes see Jesus only,
 Let my lips speak forth his praise,
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Let my lips speak forth his praise. :||

3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all besides;
 So enchain'd my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the Crucified.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Looking at the crucified. :||

4. Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings—
 Deigns to call me his beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath his wings.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath his wiugs! :||

No. 32.

I'M BELIEVING.

CHAS. WESLEY.

(Arr. by W. J. K.)

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus to thee I now can fly, On whom my help is laid'; Oppress'd by sins, I
 2. Be - lieving on my Lord, I find A sure and pres-ent aid: On thee a - lone my
 3. Whate'er in me seems wise, or good, Or strong, I here disclaim: I wash my garments
 4. Je - sus, my strength, my life, my rest, On thee will I depend, Till summon'd to the

REFRAIN.

lift mine eye, And see the shadows fade.
 constant mind Be every moment stay'd.
 in the blood Of the a-ton-ing Lamb.
 marriage-feast, When faith in sight shall end.

I'm believing, I'm be - liev - ing, Be -

lieving now in the Lord; I'm believing, and receiv-ing, Salvation through his blood.

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No. 33.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

Rev. W. B. GORHAM.

1. The world is overcome by the blood of the Lamb. Glory to the Lamb, Glory

to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb.

2. My sins are wash'd away
 In the blood of the Lamb.
 3. I've wash'd my garments white,
 In the blood of the Lamb.
 4. The martyrs overcame,
 By the blood of the Lamb.
 5. I soon shall gain the skies,
 Through the blood of the Lamb.

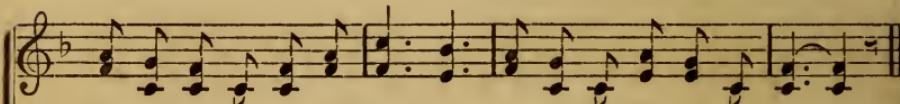
No. 34. JESUS MY REFUGE ETERNAL.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



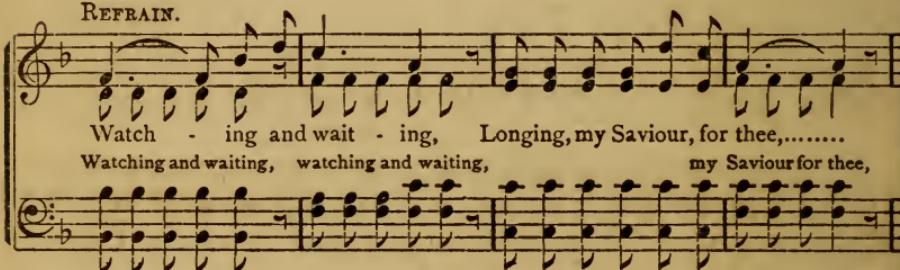
1. Je-sus my ref-uge e - ter - nal, Hope when all others have flown,
 2. Oft when thy spir-it de-scend-ing, Brings me a tok-en of love,
 3. Je-sus my ref-uge e - ter - nal, Firm shall my anchor a - bide,
 4. Je-sus my ref-uge e - ter - nal, Day-spring of mercy di - vine,



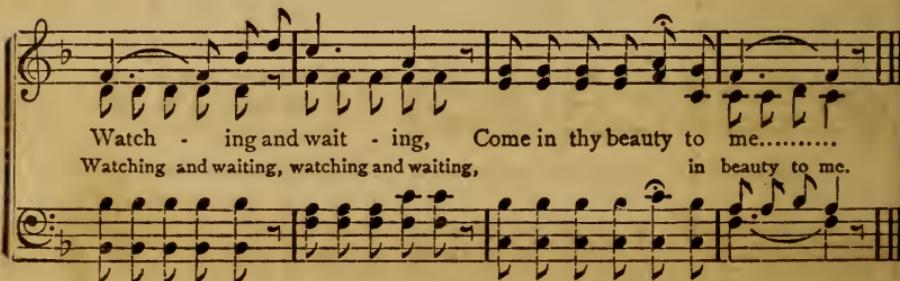
Strong is my faith in thy prom-ise, There I am cling-ing a - lone.
 O how my soul in its rap-ture, Dreams of the mansions a - bove.
 What though life's perils o'er-take me, Safe in thy shel-ter I'll hide.
 While in thy vineyard I la - bor, O what a com-fort is mine.



REFRAIN.



Watch - ing and wait - ing, Longing, my Saviour, for thee,.....
 Watching and waiting, watching and waiting, my Saviour for thee,



Watch - ing and wait - ing, Come in thy beauty to me.....
 Watching and waiting, watching and waiting, in beauty to me.

WE WILL WALK IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY.

No. 35.

REV. A. FLAMMAN.

DR. T. H. PEACOCK.

Where our friends, who went before us,
To our hun - gry souls the man - na
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,
Soon we'll wear a crown of glo - ry,

For our com - ing watch and wait.
From a - bove is free - ly giv'n.
See each oth - er there a - gain.
Soon we'll Jesus' "welcome" hear.

REFRAIN.

We will walk in the streets of the cit - y, With our lov'd ones gone before;

We will sit on the banks of the riv-er, We will meet to part no more.

No. 36.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

3

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

3

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight; An - gels descend - ing bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with his

REFRIAN.

Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. }
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. }
 good - ness lost in his love. } This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

No. 37. TEN THOUSAND THANKS TO JESUS.

MATILDA C. DAY.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ten thousand thanks to Jesus, Whose life our ransom paid, Whose blood a full a -
2. Ten thousand hearts to Je - sus How glad - ly would we give, Ten thousand lives to
3. Ten thousand thanks to Je - sus For blessings every hour, Ten thousand times ten

tone-ment For all the world has made. Let ev - 'ry heart a - dore him, Let
Je - sus, Had we so long to live, Ten thousand tongues shall praise him, Ten
thou-sand, For love's redeem-ing power, And when we hear his wel-come Be -

ev - 'ry creature sing, Ten thousand thanks to Jesus, Our Saviour and our King.
thousand songs ascend, To him our blest Redeemer, To him our dearest friend.
yond the rolling sea, His love through endless ages Our sweetest song shall be.

REFRAIN.

Ten thou - sand thanks, ten thou - sand thanks, We'll praise him o'er and

o'er, And for the life with him to live, Ten thousand, thousand more.

No. 38. IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. It was spok-en for the Mas-ter, O how lov-ing-ly it fell, It was
 2. O we know not when we scat-ter, Where the precious seed will fall, But we
 3. When our busy toil is o-ver, From the vineyard when we go, We shall

ut-tered in a whis- per, Who had breathed it none could tell. It was
 work and trust in Je-sus, For he watch-eth o-ver all. We may
 find a store of blessings, That on earth we could not know. We shall

spok-en for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word, But the
 sow be-side the wa-ters Of af-flic-tion it may be, But the
 won-der at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear, But the

chords that long had slumbered, In a grief-worn heart was stirred.
 fruits of earn-est la-bor, At the reap-ing we shall see.
 Lord him-self will tell us, Why he placed the jew-els there.

REFRAIN.

Gen-tle words of patient kindness, Tho' unheed-ed oft they seem, To the
 Gentle words Tho' unheeded

IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER. Concluded.

ad lib.

fold of grace may gather, Souls of which we lit - tle dream.
To the fold of grace may gath - er, Souls of which

No. 39. BE WITH ME EVERY MOMENT.

MARHTA J. LANKTON.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Be with me ev - 'ry mo - ment, Sav - iour mine, Hold
2. Be with me ev - 'ry mo - ment, Day by day, Up -
3. Be with me ev - 'ry mo - ment, Bless - ed One, And
4. In mo - ments of temp - ta - tion, Let me hide With -

thou my trem - bling hand, Still firm in thine.
hold me with thy grace, And cheer my way.
teach my heart to say, Thy will be done.
in the Rift - ed Rock, And there a - bide.

REFRAIN.

Be with me ev - 'ry mo - ment Of ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, And

keep me, Saviour, keep me By thy unfailing power.

5. Be with me every moment,
When I tread
The silent vale of death,
Where thou hast led.
6. Be with me every moment,
'Till I rise
To my eternal home
Beyond the skies.

No. 40.

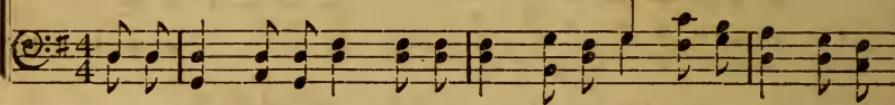
CARRIE M. WILSON.

ALL, ALL IS WELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I will sing of my Lord, And his mer - cy to me, I will sing of the
 2. Through the gift of his grace I am saved, I amblest; I de-light in his
 3. Praise the Lord, O my soul, From my heart I can say, For his word is the



cross, Where his glo - ry I see, Of his precious, precious name To the
 will For he knows what is best. There's a hallowed peace within That my
 lamp And the light of my way. In the secret of his love He has

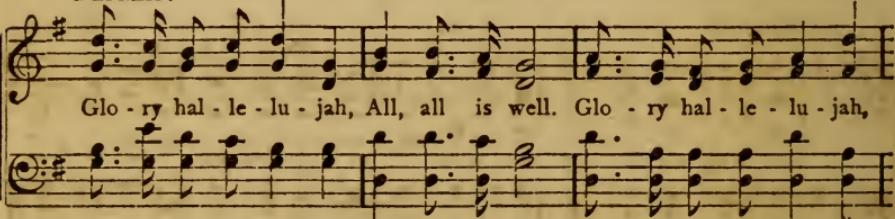


lost I will tell, In the healing stream he cleanseth me, And all, all is well.
 tongue cannot tell, With his own right hand he leadeth me, And all, all is well.
 made me to dwell, In the Risted Rock he hideth me, And all, all is well.



D.S. In the healing stream he cleanseth me, And all, all is well.

REFRAIN.



Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, All, all is well. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah,



rit. a tempo. D.S.

All, all is well. Of his precious, precious name To the lost I will tell,



No. 41.

CALVARY.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke xxiii: 33.

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

JNO. R. SWENKEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-iour died, 'Twas there my
 2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
 3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord bows give was cru-ci-fied; his head and dies; 'Twas on the cross he bled for
 reveals the and ag-o-

me, way ny, And purchased there To heaven's joys In that dread hour my par-don free. and end-less day. on Cal-va-ry!

mf REFRAIN. *p* *m* *p* *pp* *p*

O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Je-sus shed his blood for me, for me,

O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

No. 42. JESUS WILL CARRY ME OVER.

FRANK GOULD.

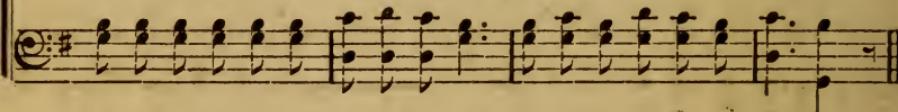
JNO. R. SWENKY.



1. Why am I troubled tho' billows may roll, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver,
2. What if the Jordan mine eyes shall behold, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver,
3. On - ly a moment to sleep and to wake, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver,
4. On - ly a step and for - ev - er at home, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver,



What if the tempest should brake o'er my soul, Jesus will car-ry me o - ver.
 What if the waves at my feet should be cold, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver.
 Then a bright morning in glo-ry will break, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver.
 Why am I troubled what-ev - er may come, Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver.



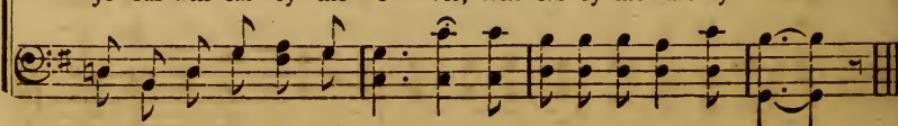
REFRAIN.



O - ver, o - ver, Ten-der-ly, tran-qui-lly o - ver,
 Car - ry me, car - ry me o - ver,



Je-sus will car-ry me o - ver, Will car-ry me safe-ly home.



No. 43. MY SOUL IS SATISFIED.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I wandered far from God and home, Till by his blood made
 2. And when I came to my dear Lord, To have my sins for -
 3. And when a - gain I came to him, For cleans - ing from all
 4. And now with Je - sus' per - fect love, The might - y void is
 5. He fills the vis - ion of my soul, And none I see be -



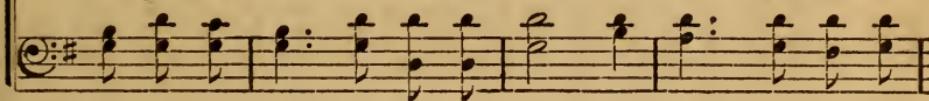
nigh, I heard a voice say, "Sinner come, And to the fountain fly."
 given, How sweetly to my pardoned soul, Was whispered peace from heav'n.
 sin, The ho - ly spir - it set me free, And made me pure with - in.
 filled, And calm and sun - shine reign within, The storm - y sea is stilled.
 side, And with the full - ness of his love, My soul is sat - is - fied.



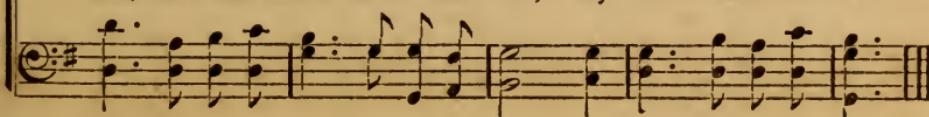
REFRAIN.



The prec-ious blood now cleanseth me, And I am sanc - ti -



fied, And with the full - ness of his love, My soul is sat - is - fied.



No. 44.

THE WORLD'S NEED.

"He" "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Ps. 107: 9.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

(SOLO, OR QUARTETTE, AD LIB.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante, *espress.*

1. All glorious Christ—the world's great need—Man's greatest want thou art;
 2. The spir - it made for God as - pires To un - cre - at - ed things;
 3. Earth's brightest beauties fail to please, Its gold is on - ly dross;

Naught else the crav - ing soul can feed, Or fill the hun - gry heart.
 How rest - less - ly the soul de - sires To spread its fold - ed wings!
 The grasping soul is ill at ease Till it has found the cross.

Nor wealth, nor fame, nor creature good Can sat - is - fy the mind,
 To soar a - bove earth's gild-ed toys, And reach to things di - vine;
 There, at the bleed - ing Saviour's feet, It finds at last its rest;

In Christ a - lone—the spir - it's food—Im - mor - tal spir - its find.
 To gain the pure per - en - nial joys Where fade - less glories shine.
 'Tis Je - sus' heart of love to meet That makes the spir - it blest.

REFRAIN. *Allegretto.*

'Tis Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Can meet the world's great need;

THE WORLD'S NEED. Concluded.

'Tis Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, The hun-gry soul can feed;
 'Tis Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, Can soothe the trou-bled breast;
 'Tis Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, Can give the wea-ry rest.

No. 45. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOKE.

C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. In some way or other The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or other The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
3. Despond then no longer, The Lord will provide; And this be the token—
4. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious,

It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."
 It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."
 No word he hath spoken Was ev-er yet broken,— "The Lord will provide."
 With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."

1. In the pas - - - tures green I'm roam - ing, Where the
 2. Ev-ery prom - - - ise he has left me I can
 3. Ev-ery prom - - - ise how it cheers me, When earth
 4. Ev-ery prom - - - ise like a moun - tain I can
 In the pastures green I'm roaming, Where the qui - et wa - ters flow, In the

qui - - - et wa - ters flow, Liv - ing
 plead..... by faith di - vine, While his
 tri - - - als press me sore, 'Tis a
 see..... be - fore me rise, And my
 pastures green I'm roaming, Where the qui - et wa - ters flow, Liv - ing

while..... each gold - en prom - ise Bids my
 pre - - - cious beams of glo - ry O'er my
 hope..... that can - not fail me, Till I
 soul..... is up - ward lift - ed To the
 where each gold-en prom - ise Bids my soul with rap - ture glow, Bids my

REFRAIN.

soul with rap - ture glow.
 path in beau - ty shine.
 reach a peaceful shore.
 por - tals of the skies.
 soul with rap - ture glow.

Living, I am living in the blessed light of God,

Resting on the promis - es of Je - sus; Walking, I am walking where the

PROMISES OF JESUS. Concluded.

faithful ones have trod, Rest - ing on the prom - i - ses of Je - sus.

5. Every word is firm and steadfast,
Like Jehovah's mighty throne,
Through each bright and golden promise,
Christ and heaven are all my own.

6. On each promise sweetly leaning,
When he calls my soul away,
What to me the waves of Jordan?
I shall soar to endless day.

No. 47. LEANING BY FAITH ON THEE.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Leaning on thee, my Sa - viour, Trusting thy hand to guide,
2. Leaning on thee, my Sa - viour, Hearing thy voice di - vine,
3. Leaning on thee, my Sa - viour, Looking with stead - fast eye,
4. Leaning on thee, my Sa - viour, Breathing thy name in prayer,

Un - der thy wings de - fen - ded, What can I ask be - side?
Catching its bright - est whis - per, Holding thy hand in mine.
Up to the heaven - ly Zi - on, Whither my soul would fly.
Thus would I reach thy king - dom, Thus would I en - ter there.

REFRAIN.

O what a wealth of bless - ing, O what a joy for me To
feel and know while here be - low, I'm leaning by faith on thee:

No. 48. THE SANCTIFYING POWER.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, sound the joy-ful strain, Glo-ry to the name of
 2. Oh! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, let the an-them swell, Glo-ry to the name of
 3. Oh! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, let his prais-es roll, Glo-ry to the name of
 4. Oh! glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, for the peace with-in, Glo-ry to the name of

Je - sus, For he pardons ev - 'ry sin and cleanses ev - 'ry stain,
 Je - sus, For Christ the Son of God hath conquered death and hell,
 Je - sus, For he sends the Ho-ly Ghost and sanc - ti - fies the soul,
 Je - sus, For his strength is found in weakness, keep-ing us from sin,

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry to his name, There's a sanc - ti - fy - ing pow-er in the

blood of Je - sus Christ, A sanc - ti - fy - ing pow-er, hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 49. HIS BLOOD WASHES WHITER THAN SNOW.

JOSHUA GILL.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Je - sus saves me and keeps me from sin, By the blood that he shed on the
 2. It is bless-ed his presence to feel, And his faith-ful dis - ci - ple to
 3. In his care I am hap - py and blest, And his perfect peace flows unto
 4. When in glo - ry the Saviour we meet, When the King in his beau - ty we

tree; Through his Spir - it and Word I am clean, For his grace is a -
 be; For his love he de - lights to re - veal, And his grace is a -
 me, And my spir - it is al - ways at rest, For his grace is a -
 see, We'll con - fess as we fall at his feet That his grace is a -

REFRAIN.

bun - dant and free. I be - lieve Je - sus saves, And his

I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

blood wash - es whit - er than snow, I be - lieve
 Yes, whit - er than snow, I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

Je - sus saves, And his blood wash - es whit - er than snow.
 I be - lieve Je - sus saves.

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."—1 John, 2: 14.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question.

1 John, 5: 5, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
 Rev. 3: 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that
 Rev. 2: 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that
 Rev. 3: 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that

Response.

o - vercometh by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is
 o - vercometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
 o - vercometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
 o - vercometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be-lieveth and is born of God,
 rai - ment white, He shall be clothed in rai - ment white,
 tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
 temple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall o-vercome by the blood.
 He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.
 He shall eat of the tree of life, That o-vercomes by the blood.
 He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That o-vercomes by the blood.

"OVERCOMERS." Concluded.

REPRAY.

O, the pre-cious, precious blood! O, the cleansing, heal-ing flood!

O, the pow'r and the love of God, Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

5. ||: What shall he hear? || that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: He shall hear his name con- | fessed in
heaven, ||
That overcomes by the blood.

6. ||: What shall he have? || that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: God will give him all things, and I
make him his son, ||
That overcomes by the blood.

7. ||: Where shall he sit? || that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his
throne, ||
That overcomes by the blood.

8. ||: What is the victory? || that overcometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
||: Faith is the victory that | overcom-
eth, ||
By the blood of the Lamb.

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.

No. 51. O TELL ME NO MORE.

CHO.—I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll drink a supply, I'll drink from the fountain That never runs dry.

1. O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined
On that happy ground.

2. The souls that believe
In paradise live,
And me in that number
Will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay;
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

3. No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,—
What light, strength, and com-
Go after him, go; [fort,—
Lo, onward I move
To a city above,
None guesses how wondrous
My journey will prove.

4. Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why:

5. But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted
To see my Lord's face.

6. And now I'm in care
My neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them
Will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you
Free grace is so nigh?

No. 52. OUR SAVIOUR'S MIGHTY LOVE.

WILLIAM P. JONES.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. We may sound the depths of ocean, We may brave the heaving main, We may climb
 2. 'Tis a love with-out beginning, 'Tis a love without an end, 'Tis the ladder where the
 3. In the work of our redemption, It has laid the corner stone, 'Tis eter-nal like Je-

[the highest]

mountain, And its loft - y sum-mit gain. We may look with cloudless vision On the
 faith-ful, With triumphant songs ascend. How it stoops to lift us upward, How its
 hovah, 'Tis unchanging like his throne. 'Tis the gift of all most precious, That the

jeweled arch above, But we cannot know the greatness, Of a Saviour's mighty love.
 arms the world embrace, O the love of our Crea - tor, To a lost and ruined race.
 poorest may receive, And it sav-eth to the utmost Whoso-ev - er will believe.

REFRAIN.

But its depths..... we cannot fa - thom, To its heighth.....

But its depth we cannot fathom, To its heighth we cannot soar, But its depth we cannot fa -

we can - not soar, We can feel..... the ho - ly
 thom, To its heighth we can - not soar, We can feel the ho - ly rap - ture Of its

OUR SAVIOUR'S MIGHTY LOVE. Concluded.

rap - ture Of its full - ness more and more.
full-ness more and more, We can feel the ho - ly rap-ture of its fullness more and more.

No. 53. WE CANNOT LET THEE GO.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. The pen - sive light of eve re - turns, And calls to peaceful rest;
2. A - bide with us thou King of kings, And seal us now thine own;
3. A - bide with us our all in all, Our hope and com - fort still;
4. And when on earth we close our eyes, And life's last scenes are o'er,

A-bide with us, O gracious Lord, Our ev - er wel - come guest.
Break down the i - dols we have reared, And make our hearts thy throne.
For them our will - ing feet shall run, With haste to do thy will.
Our souls within thy lov - ing arms, Shall wake to sleep no more.

REFRAIN.

'Tis heaven to feel thy presence near, 'Tis heaven thy love to
'Tis heaven to feel thy presence near, 'Tis heaven 'tis heaven,

know, Abide with us, O gracious Lord, We cannot let thee go.
A-bide with us, O gracious Lord.

No. 54. THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

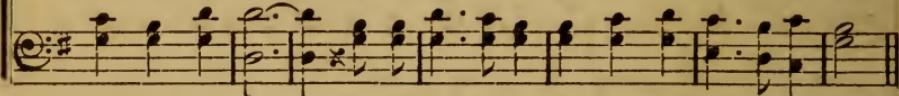
W.M. G. FISCHER.



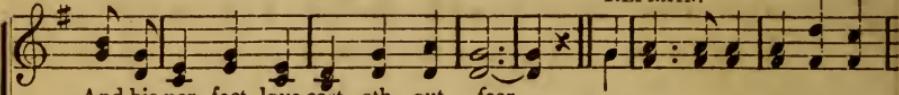
1. I have entered the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a -
 2. There is peace in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And plen - ty the
 3. There is love in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, Such as none but the
 4. There's a song in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, That angels would



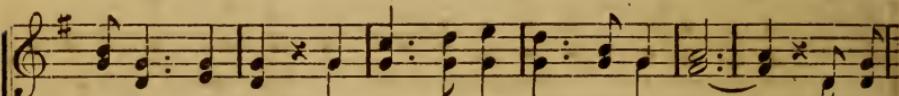
bides with me there; And his spir - it and blood make my cleansing complete,
 land doth im - part, And there's rest for the weary- worn tra - vel-er's feet,
 blood-wash'd may feel, When heaven comes down redeemed spir-its to greet,
 fain join the strain, As with rapturous prais- es we bow at his feet,



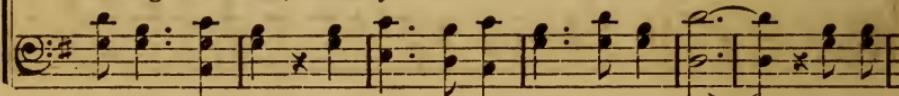
REFRAIN.



And his per - fect love cast - eth out fear.
 And there's joy for the sor - row - ing heart. }
 And Christ sets his cov - e - nant seal. } Oh come to this val-ley of
 Crying "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."



blessing so sweet, Where Je - sus will ful - ness be - stow— And be -



lieve, and receive, and confess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.



No. 55.

SLIGHT NOT THE CALL.

ANNA C. STOREY.

With expression.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come where the Saviour is wait-ing so kind - ly, Wait - ing to cov - er your
 2. Think of the bur-den of grief that oppressed him, When in the gar - den at
 3. On - ly a whis - per of hum - ble con-tri-tion, Je - sus will hear it and
 4. Come while his people are fer - vent - ly pray-ing, Come to the Sav - iour and

sins with his blood, Come where the spirit entreats you to fol - low, Yonder the
 midnight he pray'd, Think of the anguish he bore to re-deem you, Think what a
 he will for - give, Lose not a moment to seek and to find him, Touch but the
 give him your all, An - gels now bending are urging you onward, Je - sus is

REFRAIN.

life stream O plunge in its flood,
 ran - som for you he has paid.
 scep - tre of mer - cy and live. } Slight not the call there is mer-cy for all,
 wait-ing, then slight not his call.

Come, come to Je - sus his life for you he gave, Come while the Hope-Star is

brightly, brightly beaming, Come, come to Jesus for he a - lone can save.

No. 56. IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.
Moderato.

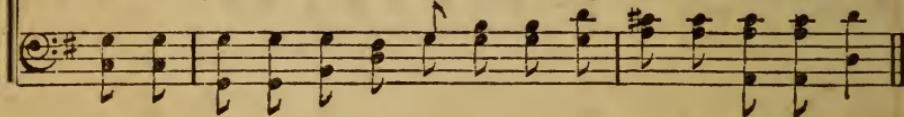
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. In the se - cret of his presence, I am kept from strife of tongues;
 2. In the se - cret of his presence, All the darkness dis - ap-pears;
 3. In the se - cret of his presence, Nev - er - more can foes a - larm;
 4. In the se - cret of his presence, Is a sweet, un-broken rest;



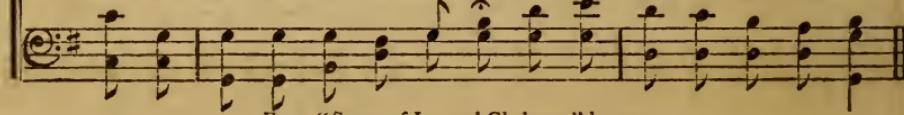
His pa - vil - ion is a - round me, And with - in are ceaseless songs!
 For a sun, that knows no set - ting, Throws a rain - bow on my tears.
 In the shad - ow of the High-est, I can meet them with a psalm:
 Pleasures, joys, in glo - rious full-ness, Mak-ing earth like E - den blest:



Storm - y winds his word ful - fil - ing, Beat with - out, but can - not harm,
 So the day grows ev - er light - er, Broad'ning to the per - fect noon;
 For the strong pa - vil - ion hides me, Turns their fi - 'ry darts a - side,
 So my peace grows deep and deep - er, Widening as it nears the sea,



For the Mas-ter's voice is still - ing Storm and tem - pest to a calm.
 So the day grows ev - er brighter, Heav'n is com - ing, near and soon,
 And I know, whate'er be - tides me, I shall live be - cause he died!
 For my Sav - iour is my Keep - er, Keeping mine, and keep - ing me!



From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

In the se - . . cret of his pres - ence, Je - sus keeps,.....
 In the se - cret of his pres - ence, Je - sus

..... I know not how; In the shad - . .
 keeps, I know not how; I know not how: In the shad - o - w of the

ow of the High - est, I am rest - ing, hid - ing now.
 High - est, In the shadow of the Highest,

No. 57.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

:\$:

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me,

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I

2. O wonderful salvation!
 From sin he makes me free!
 I feel the sweet assurance,
 And that's enough for me!

3. O blood of Christ so precious,
 Poured out on Calvary!
 I feel its cleansing power.
 And that's enough for me!

No. 58.

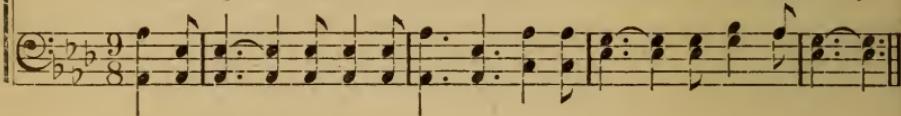
MAY I COME?

JAMES L. BLACK.

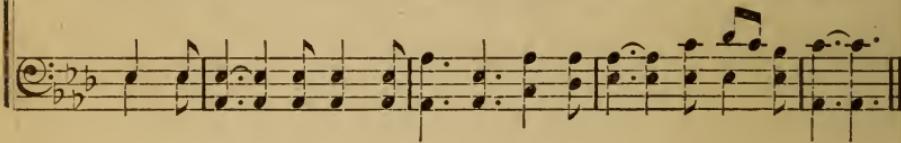
JNO. R. SWENY.



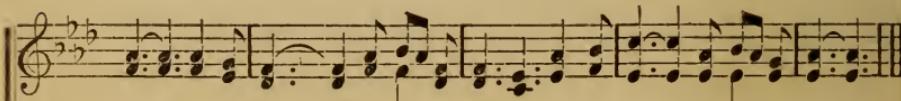
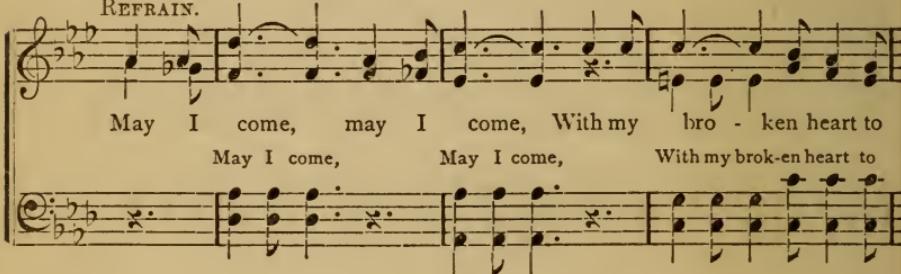
1. O my Sav-iour, grieved and slighted, Can I yet re-turn to thee?
2. Thou hast urged me through thy spirit To re - ceive thy offered grace,
3. By thy love subdued and conquered, Lord, thy par-don I im - plore;
4. Blessed prom - ise, thou hast made it; Pre - cious, I hear thee say:



Will thy kind forbear-ing mer - cy Hear and pit - y one like me?
 But I heed - ed not thy counsel, And re - fused to seek thy face.
 Let me en - ter now thy kingdom, Faith has brought me to the door.
 Who - so - ev - er comes be-liev-ing Thou wilt nev - er turn a - way.



REFRAIN.



thee? May I come, and lay my burden At the Cross of Cal-va - ry?



CHAS. B. J. ROOT.

Melody by D. C. WRIGHT, arranged for this work.

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm resting at the Saviour's feet;
 2. He speaks, and by his word is given His peace, a rich fore-taste of heaven!
 3. I live; not I; thro' him a - lone By whom the mighty work is done:
 4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the E - ter - nal Son!

I trust in him, I'm sat - is-fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied!
 Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
 Dead to my-self, a - live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
 Let all my powers my soul em-ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy.

REFRAIN.

A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, Oh! so wondrous sweet!.....
 A - biding in him, a - biding in him, Oh! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!

I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Sav - iour's feet.....
 I'm resting in him, rest-ing in him, At the Sav - iour's feet, at his feet.

No. 60. GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea - ry of the grand old song;
2. We are lost a - mid the rap - ture of re - deem - ing love;
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold;
4. There we'll shout re deem-ing mer - cy in a glad, new song;

Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the king in all his
Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of

ev - er, with our faith more strong; Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
pin - ions to the hills a - bove; Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
splendor we shall soon be - hold; Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
Je-sus with the blood-wash'd throng: Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!

REFRAIN.

O, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the

way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and

GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH! Concluded.

by to the pal-ace of a King! Glo-ry to God, hal-le - lu - jah!

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per.

No. 61. HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je-sus laid his crown aside, He came to save me; When on the cross he
 2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise his name, I
 3. With gen-tle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting him I
 4. To him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To him my heart looks

REFRAIN.

bled and died, He came to save me. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 know it well, He came to save me. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 fear no ill, He came to save me. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 up and sings, He came to save me. }

I'm so glad that Je-sus came, And grace is free,
 I'm so glad that Je-sus came, He (Omit.....) came to save me.

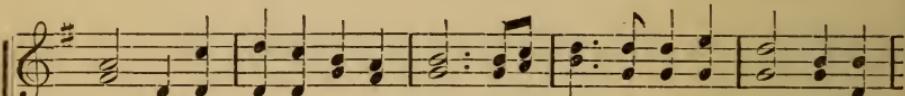
No. 62. GO OUT IN THE HIGHWAYS.

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

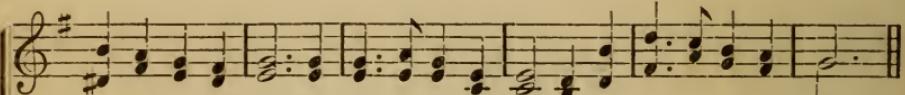
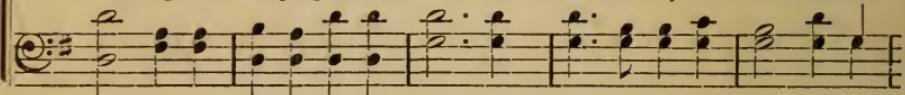
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. 'Twas not to call the righteous, That our Redeemer came, 'Twas not to call the
2. The Lord is marching onward, In maj-es - ty and might, The time is fast ap -
3. A - wake, a - rise ye watchman, On Zion's walls that stand, The great reform is



righteous, But sin-ners to re - claim; He laid its first foun - da - tion, The
proaching, When wrong must yield to right; O church of God be earn - est, And
com - ing, 'Tis sweeping o'er the land; Be - hold the roy - al ban - ner Of



great reform of man, And left for us to fol - low, What he on earth be - gan.

la - bor while 'tis day, The great reform is coming, Go speed its glorious way.

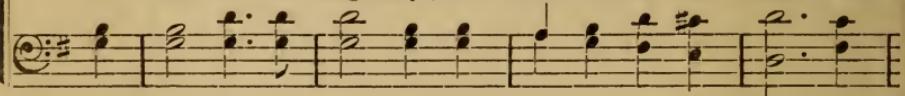
truth is wide unfurled, The Lord is marching onward, To conquer all the world.



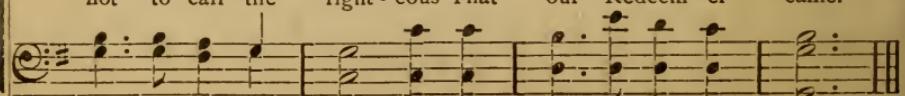
REFRAIN.



Go out in the high-ways, And call them in his name, 'Twas



not to call the right - eous That our Redeem - er came.



No. 63.

FOLLOW ON.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flowers are
 2. Down in the val - ley with my Saviour I would go, Where the storms are
 3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my

blooming, and the sweet wa - ters flow; Ev - 'ry-where he leads me, I would
 sweeping, and the dark wa - ters flow; With his hand to lead me, I will
 Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the

fol - low, fol - low on, Walking in his footsteps till the crown be won.
 nev - er, nev - er fear, Dangers can - not fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that he has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus, Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on;

Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus, Everywhere he leads me I would follow on.

From "Good as Gold," by per.

No. 64. COMING TO THE WATERS.

SALLIE E. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. I am coming, O my Saviour, and thy Name is all my plea,
 2. I am coming, O my Saviour, with my bur - den now to thee,
 3. I am coming, O my Saviour, and thy lov - ing voice I hear,

Thou didst give thy-self a ran-som and a sac - ri-fice for me.
 Wilt thou lead me by thy spir - it, for the way I can - not see?
 Thou hast filled my heart with gladness, and I know that thou art near.

I am com - ing to the wa - ters of sal - va - tion flow-ing free,
 Wilt thou lead me to the wa - ters of sal - va - tion flow-ing free,
 From the rock the wat - ers grating, fall like mus - ic on my ear,

Where thou hast said who - ev - er will may drink and thirst no more.
 Where thou hast said who - ev - er will may drink and thirst no more?
 And thou hast said who - ev - er will may drink and thirst no more.

REFRAIN.

Coming, coming, coming to the waters, Pure and precious water that
 com-ing, I am coming, I am

COMING TO THE WATERS. Concluded.

life and joy re-store. Coming, coming, coming to the waters
com-ing, I am com-ing, I am

Thou has said who - ev - er will May drink and thirst no more.

No. 65. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va-ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Saviour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

No. 66.

OUR ADVOCATE.

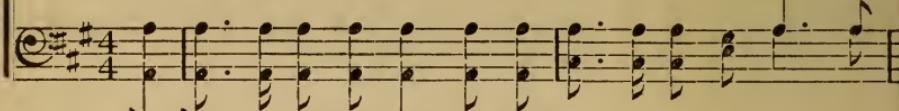
EDW. A. BARNES.

"We have an advocate with the Father."—1 John, 2:1.

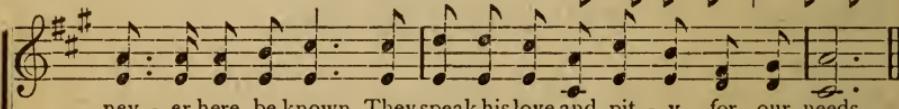
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



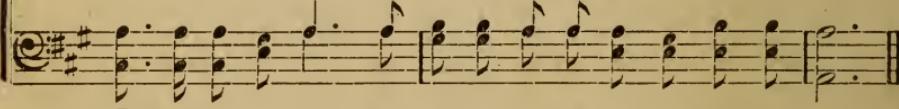
1. Our ad - vo-cate is Je - sus, Be - fore the Father's throne, And
 2. He knows that we are tem-pit-ed, And of - ten led a - stray, For
 3. He knows the life a - round us, Its cares and du - ties too; He
 4. 'Tis true that in this val - ley, As meas - ured by these years, That



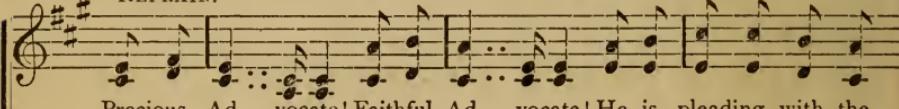
where, in our behalf, he ev - er pleads; And while his in - ter - ced - ings Can
 he, in truth, was tem-pit-ed here below. And this is just the rea - son He
 knows the bur-dens that for us ap - pear, And so he in - ter - ced - eth To
 much of pain and sorrow we must see: And yet in yonder hea-ven, Our



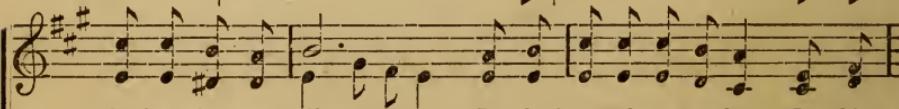
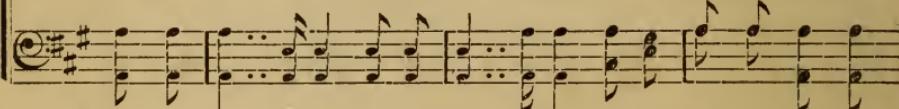
nev - er here be known, They speak his love and pit - y for our needs.
 in - tercedes to - day, That God may still his ten - der mer - cy show.
 keep us strong and true, That we may fol - low in his foot-steps here.
 Ad - vocate ap-pears, And by his grace the vic - tors we shall be!



REFRAIN.



Precious Ad - vocate! Faithful Ad - vocate! He is pleading with the



Father for us all. for us all. In the hea-venly courts above, In his



OUR ADVOCATE. Concluded.

No. 67. WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

REFRAIN.

No. 68.

COME AND HELP US.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. Bless - ed Sav - iour we be - seech thee, While before thy throne we bend;
 2. Help them now to seek and find thee, E're the day of grace is past;
 3. Now the Ark is just be - fore them, We can lead them to the door;
 4. We are ask - ing and be - liev - ing, That our prayer will answered be;
 5. They are com - ing Lord we thank thee, An - gels catch the joy - ful sound;

From the cloud that hangs a - bove us, Let the promised shower descend.
 And a night with - out a mor - row, O'er their life its gloom shall cast.
 We can plead with them to en - ter, But our hearts can do no more.
 So we know thou hast a wel - come, For the souls that turn to thee.
 Up to heaven they bear the tid - ings, That the lost thy love has found.

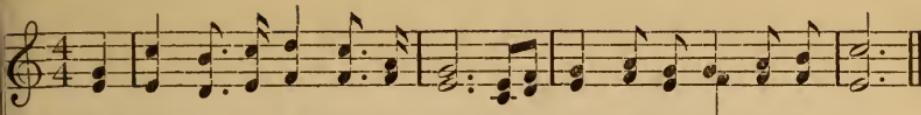
REFRAIN.

Come and help us, come and help us, Lord thy help we great - ly need;

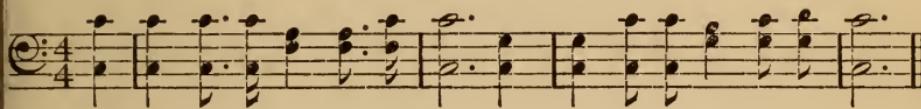
Save, O save the un - con-vert - ed, Hear us while for them we plead.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

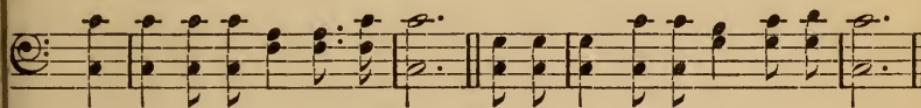
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



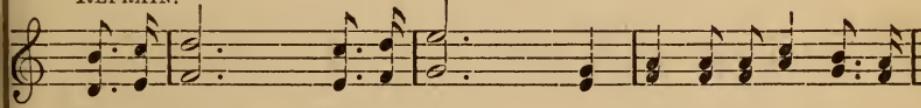
1. Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er,
2. When from Calvary's mount I a - rise, And pass through the portals a - bove,
3. Yes, loved ones who knew me be - low, Who learned the new song with me here,
4. The beau - ti - ful gates will un - fold, The home of the blood-washed I'll see,
5. A sin - ner made whiter than snow, I'll join in the migh-ty ac - claim,



What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the beau - ti - ful shore,—
 Will shouts, "Welcome home to the skies," Resound through the regions of love?
 In cho - rus will hail me, I know, And welcome me home with good cheer.
 The ci - ty of saints I'll be - hold, For O, there's a welcome for me!
 And shout through the gates as I go, Sal - va - tion to God and the Lamb!



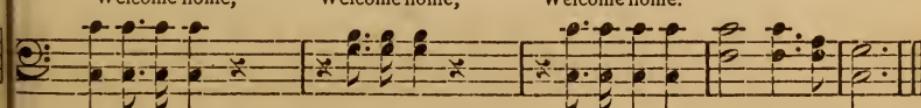
REFRAIN.



Welcome home! Welcome home! A wel-come in glo - ry for
 Welcome home, Welcome home,



me; Welcome home! Welcome home! A welcome for me.
 Welcome home, Welcome home, Welcome home.



FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Passing homeward, O how glad - ly Comes the life boat to the land,
 2. Passing homeward, O the pros-pect Of a mor - row clear and bright,
 3. See the faith-ful Christian war-riors, Passing homeward to their rest,

With its freight of souls re-joic - ing, As they reach the shin-ing strand.
 Where from lips that say good morning, We shall nev - er hear good night.
 With the bless - ed name of Je - sus, On their ban - ner's wav-ing crest.

Pass - ing homeward, passing homeward, Lo, from ev - 'ry clime they come,
 Where the pa - tient, si - lent worker, With his hum - ble sheaves will stand,
 Pass - ing homeward, O how joy - ful, Passing home - ward one by one,

While the chor - al bells of E - den, Ring their hap - py welcome home.
 And re - ceive a crown of jew - els, At the dear Re-deemer's hand,
 In the up - per fold they gath - er, Tri - als end - ed, la - bor done.

REFRAIN.

Passing home to Je - sus, our Saviour, Pass-ing home from sorrow and
 Passing home

Passing home

PASSING HOMEWARD. Concluded.

care, Passing home to anchor for-ev - er, Praise the Lord, we'll soon be there.
 care, Passing home to anchor for-ev - er, Praise the Lord,

No. 71.

A FEW MORE DAYS.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. The time is short, the moments few, Let all be up and do - ing,
 2. The time is short, O wea - ry not, Nor wish our bur - den light - er,
 3. The time is short, O waste it not, In vain or i - dle pleas-ure,
 4. The time is short for prayer and praise, But soon beyond the riv - er,

With steadfast heart and stead - y hand, The Mas - ter's work pur-su - ing.
 For ev - 'ry soul we gath - er in, Will make our crown still brighter.
 But la - bor on with all our might, To gain the heavenly treas-ure.
 With all the ran - somed host a - bove, We'll shout and sing for - ev - er.

REFRAIN.

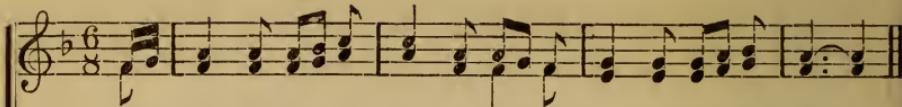
A few more days, a few more years, To tell our Re-deemer's sto - ry, A

few more crosses and a few more tears, Then away to a home in glo - ry.

No. 72. SO GREAT HIS LOVE FOR ME.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENY.



1. My soul has found a hid - ing place With-in my Saviour's love;
 2. My soul has found the ark of rest, Its door is o - pen still,
 3. My soul has found a heal-ing balm For ev - ery throb of care
 4. O love sur-pass-ing ev - ery thought, O joy no tongue can tell;



My feet are firm up - on the rock, Nor time nor change can move.
 And all who come are wel-come now To en - ter if they will.
 In him, the pure and ho - ly one, Who hears and answers prayer.
 Be -neath my Saviour's migh - ty wings In per - fect peace I dwell.



REFRAIN.



My faith believes, my soul receives His gift of grace so free,



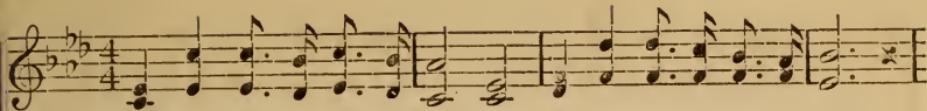
Who bore my sins up - on the cross So great his love for me.



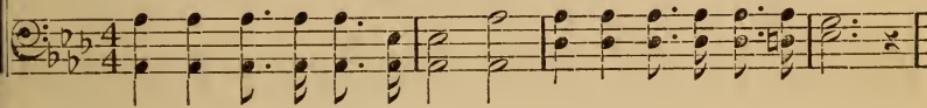
No. 73. THE SOUL'S BRIGHT LAND.

MATILDA C. DAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Shall we an-chor o'er the riv - er? Shall we reach the golden strand?
2. We shall an-chor o'er the riv - er, And our feet shall press the shore;
3. We shall an-chor o'er the riv - er, Free from sorrow, sin, and care;
4. When we an-chor o'er the riv - er, And be-hold our Saviour King,



Are we drawing nearer, near - er To the blessed glo - ry land?
 We shall hail a glorious mor - row, And the night will come no more.
 We shall hear the song of wel - come From the friends that wait us there.
 What a shout of full sal - va - tion Through that sunny clime will ring.



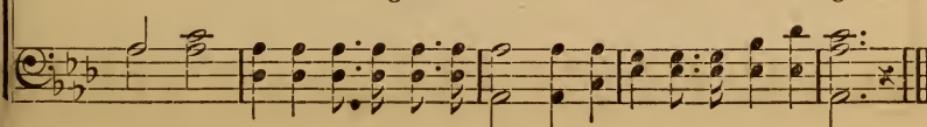
REFRAIN.



Yes, we'll an-chor o'er the riv - er, And rest beneath the tree of life for -



ev - er. We are drawing near and nearer Our home in the soul's bright land.



No. 74.

SCATTER THE TRUTH.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWEENEY. By per.

1. Sowing the seed of the gos - pel, Sowing at dawn of the day,
 2. Sowing the seed of the gos - pel— Some by the wayside may fall,
 3. Sowing the seed of the gos - pel, Sowing with patience and love,

Look how the mist and the shad - ows Melt in - to sunshine a - way.
 Yet they shall none of them per - ish : Je - sus remembers them all.
 Think of the reap-ing in glo - ry, Think of the mansion a - bove.

Sowing the seed of the gos - pel, Sowing and weeping the while,
 In - to the homes that are lone - ly, Bring the warm sunlight a - gain ;
 Soon from the harvest re - turning, Ladened with sheaves thou wilt come,

Soon will the clouds that hang o'er thee Break and dissolve in a smile.
 Give to the hearts that are bro - ken Balm for their sorrow and pain.
 Then will a chor - us of an - gels Joy - ful-ly welcome thee home.

REFRAIN.

Scatter the truth broad-cast and free— This is the promise of God to thee :

SCATTER THE TRUTH. Concluded.

Music score for 'SCATTER THE TRUTH. Concluded.' featuring two staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are as follows:

If in thy work thou art faith- ful, Great thy re-ward shall be.

No. 75. I REST UPON HIS PROMISE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. E. HUDSON.

Music score for 'I REST UPON HIS PROMISE.' featuring two staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all thy peo-ple known;
 2. A rest, where all our soul's de-sire Is fix'd on things a-bove;
 3. Oh! that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve and en-ter in;
 4. Re-move this hardness from my heart, This un-be-lief re-move;

A rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And thou art lov'd a-lone.
 Where fear, and sin, and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.
 Now, Sav-iour, now the pow'r be-stow, And let me cease from sin.
 To me the rest of faith im-part—The Sab-bath of thy love.

REFRAIN.

Music score for the Refrain of 'I REST UPON HIS PROMISE.' featuring two staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are as follows:

I rest up-on his promise, sure; I come, I wait to prove
 The cleansing of my heart from sin, The full-ness of his love.

No. 76.

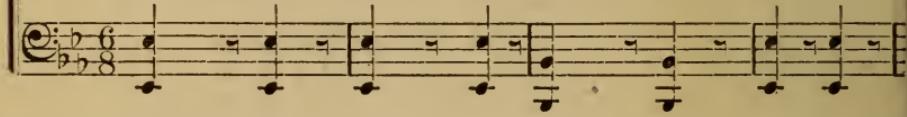
BEAUTIFUL SONGS.

FANNY J. CROSEY.
DUET.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



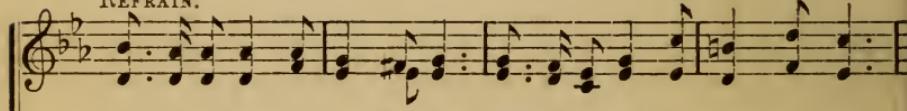
1. Beau - ti - ful songs that here we sing, Listing the heart to Je - sus,
 2. Beau - ti - ful songs that cheer our way, Listing the heart to Je - sus,
 3. Beau - ti - ful songs of praise so dear, Listing the heart to Je - sus,
 4. Beau - ti - ful songs that ne'er shall die, Listing the heart to Je - sus,



Beau - ti - ful thoughts of joy they bring, Lift - ing the heart to Je - sus.
 Ten - der - ly sweet from day to day, Lift - ing the heart to Je - sus.
 Drawing our faith to God more near, Lift - ing the heart to Je - sus.
 Floating in light from realms on high, Lift - ing the heart to Je - sus.



REFRAIN.



Tell - ing of home, of rest, and love, Waiting for us in Heaven a - bove,



Beau - ti - ful songs, O, beau - ti - ful songs, Lift - ing the heart to Je - sus.

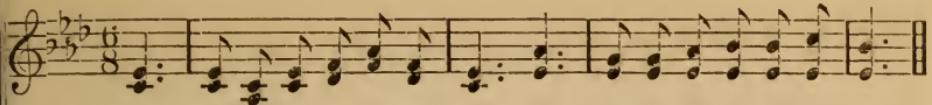


No. 77.

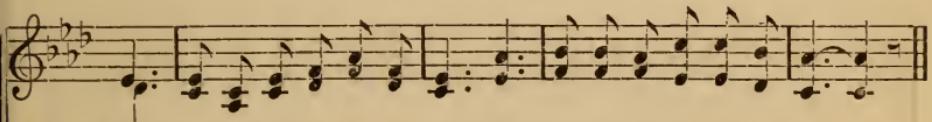
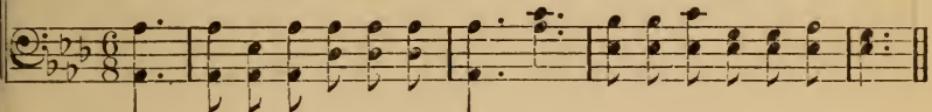
WATCHING FOR ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



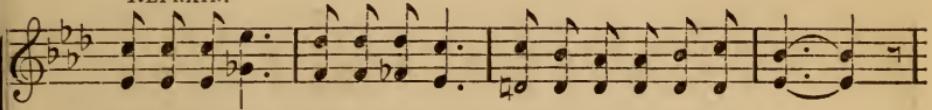
1. My faith to the land of the blest Is looking far o'er the sea,
2. Their burden of sorrow is o'er, Their labors and tri-als are done,
3. Tho' sweet our communion be - low, Yet sweeter the rapture will be
4. O songs that will break on my ear, O bliss when my soul shall be free,



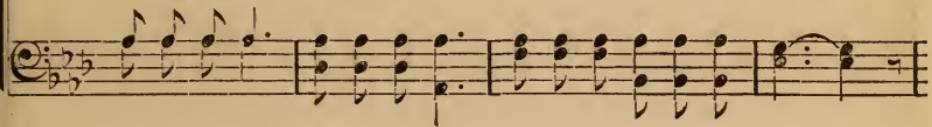
Where loved ones, forever at rest, Are watching in glo-ry for me.
And now on the beauti-ful shore Their crown of rejoic-ing is won.
When called by the Saviour to go Where loved ones are watching for me.
And meet by the riv-er so clear, The friends that are watching for me.



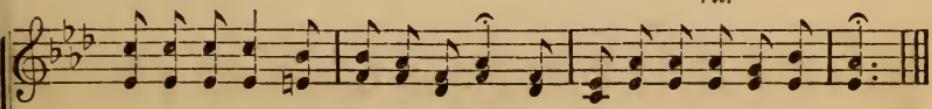
REFRAIN.



Watching for me, watching for me, Loved ones are watching for me;



rit.



Gathered at home, for ev - er at rest, I know they are watching for me.



Mrs. R. N. TURNER, Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Re-vive, O Lord, our wait-ing souls, Re-new our al-tar fire!
 2. Help us to con-se-crate ourselves A-new to thy dear will;
 3. O, light the fires of fer-vid love With-in each breast to-day,
 4. Im-bue us with thy spir-it, Lord, And pu-ri fy each heart.



And ev-ery heart, for thy blest work, With sa-cred zeal in-spire!
 With liv-ing words and ear-nest deeds Thy bless-ed law ful- fill!
 And draw us clos-er now to thee, And bless us while we pray.
 Bap-tize us with the power we need; New life and strength im-part!



REFRAIN.



Come, Lord, and breathe up-on us, With thine own soul di-vine,

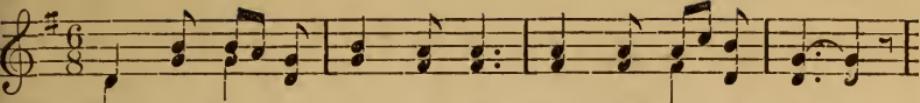


And o'er thy wait-ing church below In strength and glo-ry shine!

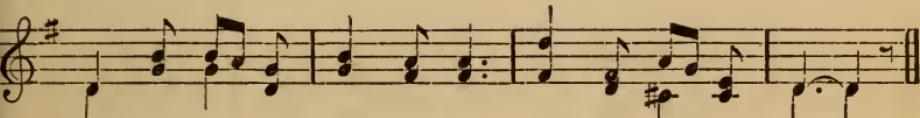
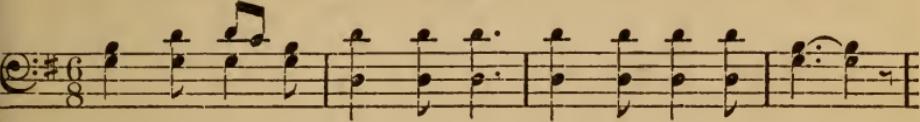


FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



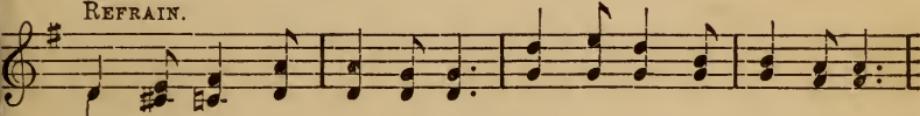
1. Hark! the Bride and Spir - it say, Come, there yet is room!
2. Hear the words that speak to all, Come, there yet is room!
3. Now the fount is o - pened wide, Come, there yet is room!
4. En - ter now the nar - row gate, Come, there yet is room!



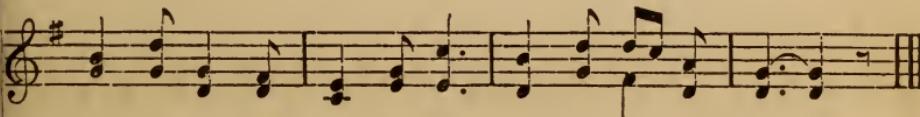
Do not throw your life a - way, Come, there yet is room!
 This may be your on - ly call, Come, there yet is room!
 Plunge be -neath its flow - ing tide, Come, there yet is room!
 Haste, for soon 'twill be too late, Come, there yet is room!



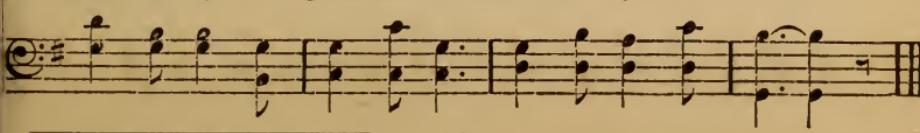
REFRAIN.



While our prayers for you as-cend, Come to him your dearest friend;



Soon your day of grace will end, Come, there yet is room!



1. I am saved through the blood of my cru - ci - fied Lord, With his
 2. I am saved through the blood of my cru - ci - fied Lord, And the
 3. Though the tempt-er as - sail, yet he can - not pre - vail, I am
 4. Through his won - der - ful love, my Re - deem - er a - bove, Is pre -

chil - dren my lot I have cast; I will lift up my voice, I will
 glo - ry to him will I give; For the grace he be - stows and his
 un - der my Saviour's con - trol, And the more I be - lieve still the
 par - ing a man-sion for me, Where from toil I shall rest, with the

sing and re - joice That from death un - to life I have passed.
 good - ness that flows I will praise him as long as I live.
 more I re - ceive Of his full - ness of joy in my soul.
 hap - py and blest, And for - ev - er his face I shall see.

REFRAIN.

I am walk-ing, I am talk-ing, with my Lord and King In the

shad-ow of the cross all the day, I am walking, I am
 all the day,

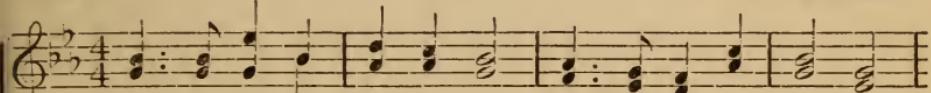
WALKING AND TALKING. Concluded.



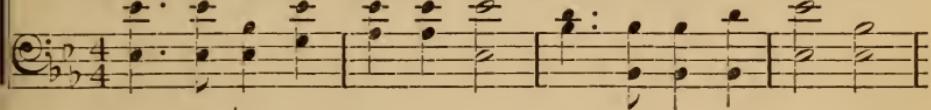
No. 81. WHERE THE FOUNT IS FLOWING.

FRANK GOULD.

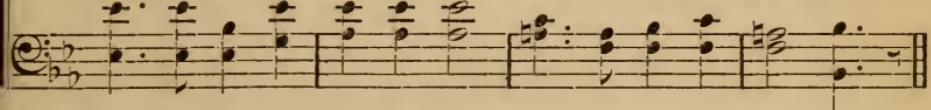
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



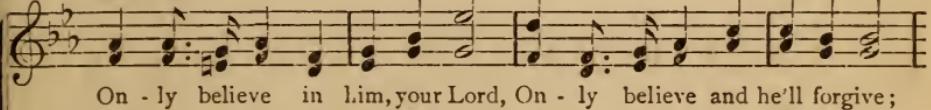
1. Lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, Where the fount is flow - ing,
 2. See his love and mer - cy wait, Where the fount is flow - ing,
 3. Lay your troubled heart oppressed, Where the fount is flow - ing,
 4. In his precious blood so free, Where the fount is flow - ing,



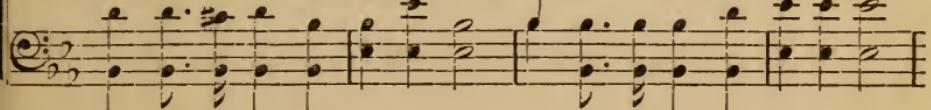
Faith will bring you par - don sweet, Where the fount is flow - ing.
 En - ter now the op - en gate, Where the fount is flow - ing.
 Ask in faith he'll give you rest, Where the fount is flow - ing.
 Cleansed and saved your soul may be, Where the fount is flow - ing.



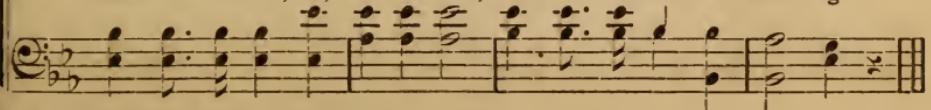
REFRAIN.

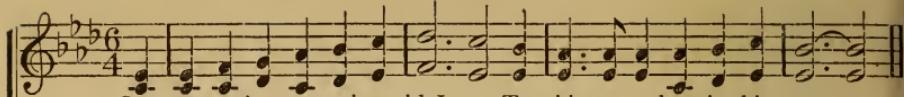


On - ly believe in him, your Lord, On - ly believe and he'll forgive;

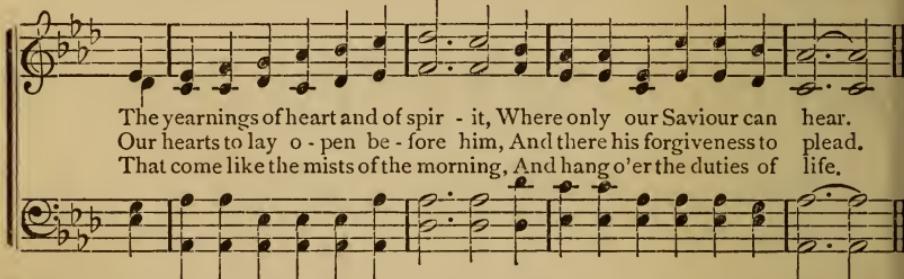
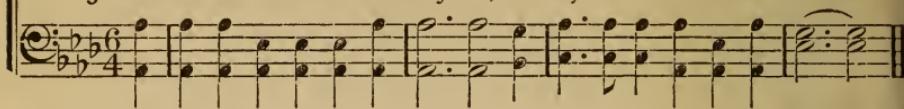


Look un - to him, O, look and live, Come where the fount is flow - ing.



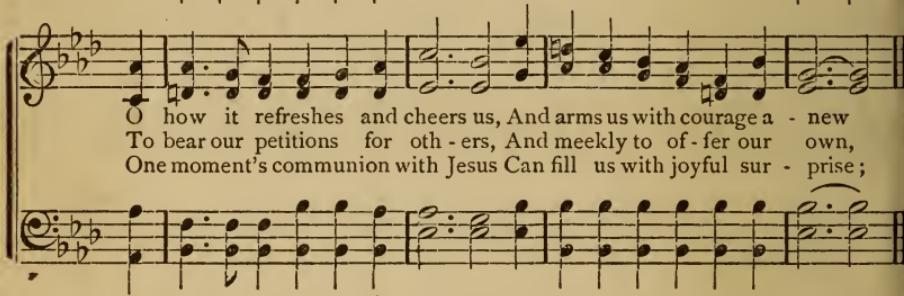


1. One moment's communion with Jesus, To whis- per a - lone in his ear
2. One moment's communion with Jesus, To ask for each blessing we need.
3. One moment's communion with Jesus, A - way from the tumult and strife



The yearnings of heart and of spir - it, Where only our Saviour can hear.
Our hearts to lay o - pen be - fore him, And there his forgiveness to plead.

That come like the mists of the morning, And hang o'er the duties of life.



O how it refreshes and cheers us, And arms us with courage a - new
To bear our petitions for oth - ers, And meekly to of - fer our own,

One moment's communion with Jesus Can fill us with joyful sur - prise;

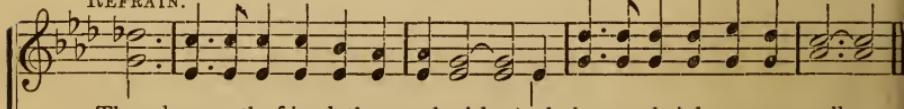


To meet the temptations that gath - er, And lightly our journey pur - sue.
Brings nearer our thoughts to his kingdom And closer our souls to his throne.

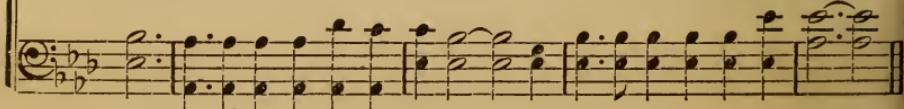
Can hush the wild moan of the bil - low, And sweep every cloud from the skies.



REFRAIN.



Though many the friends that we cherish, And pleasant their love to re - call,



DEARER THAN ALL. Concluded.

ad lib.

One moment's communion with Jesus Is dearer, far dearer than all.

No. 83. JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm 30: 5.

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morning!
2. Ye fee-ble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morning!
3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye look up, For joy cometh in the morning!
4. Our God will wipe our tears a-way, For joy cometh in the morning!

For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morning!
 And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morning!
 And ev-'ry trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morning!
 Sor - row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morning!

REFRAIN.

Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may en-
 dure, may en - dure for a night, But joy cometh in the morn - ing.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

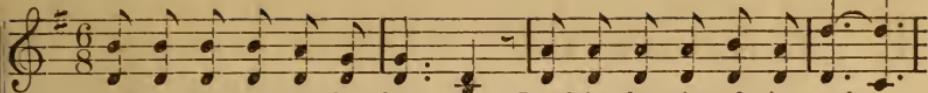
Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
 For blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

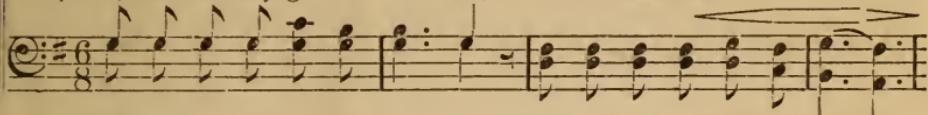
Oh, there's sun - - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
 sun - shine in the soul, sun - shine in the soul,

While the peace-ful, hap-py moments roll; When
 hap-py mo-ments roll,

Je-sus shows his smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.



1. Dark are the wa - ters be - fore me, — Loud is the voice of the gale;
2. Onward I moveo'er the wa - ters, Lu - rid the lightning's fierce glare,
3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters, — Safe - ty be -yond the deep wave;
4. Ah, when the voyage is o - ver, There, on that beau - ti - ful shore,



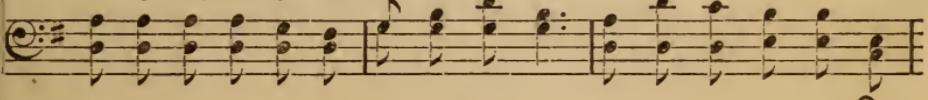
Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me, Boatman! O list to my hail.
 An - gry the sur - ges be -neath me, — Boatman! lo, dan - ger is there.
 Father! O let me not per - ish — Thou who art mighty to save.
 Safe-ly beyond the dark wat - ers, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.



REFRAIN.



Car - - - ry me o - ver the tide, Dark are the wat - ers, and
 Car - ry me, car - ry me



deep and wide; Yon - - - der, just o - ver the sea,
 Yon - der, yes, yon - der



My man - sion is wait - ing for me.
 is wait - ing for me.



No. 86. WAITING FOR THE HARVEST.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "I have sown the seed," the sow-er said, "In the ear - ly morning hours;
 2. "I have sown the seed," the teacher sighed, "E'en the precious word of God,
 3. "I have sown the seed :" and the mother's tears Like the heavy raindrops fell;
 4. "Let us sow in hope," we all may say, As we gath - er strength a - new;

When the sun sank low in the blushing west, And the dew fell on the flowers.
 And my heart rejoiced in the blessed work, As I cast the truth a - broad.
 "It was la - bor sweet to train my child In the faith I love so well.
 "For we know our God will keep his word, That his prom-is - es are true.

Man-y anxious days I have toiled and watched For the springing of the grain,
 Still I watch and wait with patient prayer, But no fruit-age can I see :
 But my heart grows faint with hope deferred For my heedless wayward boy;
 We'll forget the wear - y hours of toil When the ripened sheaves we see;

But the passing months lengthen in-to years : Shall my sowing be in vain?"
 Shall his word re-turn un - to him void? Will no harvest come to me?"
 Will the gol-den har - vest nev - er come, And the reaping time of joy?"
 When we raise the shout of har-vest home In the glad e - ter - ni - ty."

pp REFRAIN. Psalm 126:6.

He that go - eth forth and weep - eth, Bear - ing precious seed, Shall

WAITING FOR THE HARVEST. Concluded.

doubtless come a - gain with re - joic - ing, bring - ing his sheaves.

No. 87. JESUS OF NAZARETH DIED FOR ME.

W. H. CLARK.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm help-less, Lord, to thee I fly, In mer - cy hear me when I cry,
 2. I know thou wilt my sins forgive, For thou hast bid me turn and live,
 3. My Sav-iour now is lift - ed up, I look to him, my on - ly hope,
 4. And now I hear thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in thy love rejoice,

While now I urge one on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
 With longing heart I come to thee: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
 I trust thy word and press the plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!
 My soul doth triumph in the plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!

REFRAIN.

Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me, Died to redeem me and set me free;

This is my hope my on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a-reth died for me!

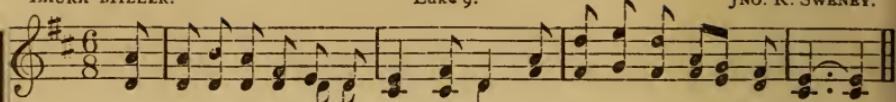
No. 88.

LAURA MILLER.

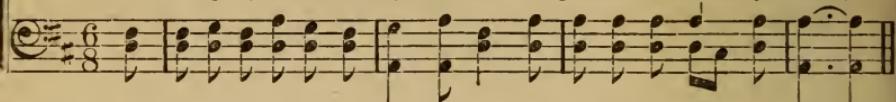
TAKE UP THY CROSS.

Luke 9.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



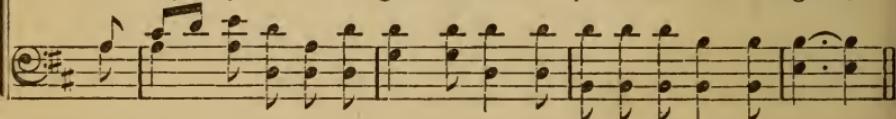
1. He stood in the midst of an anxious throng, That gathered where'er he came;
 2. He stood in the midst of an anxious throng, That lingered his words to hear,
 3. O, take up thy cross and deny thy-self The pleasure of world-ly ease;



He taught them the way of e - ter - nal life, Through faith in his ho-ly Name.
 And ma-ny, be-lieving, o-beyed the voice Of Je-sus, their friend so dear.
 Re-member thy du-t-y where'er thou art— The Saviour a-lone to please.



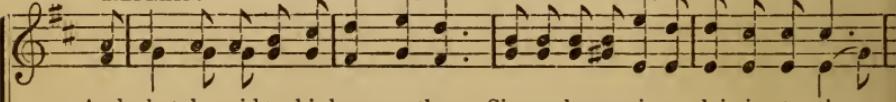
The rich were there in their proud attire, The humble in garments old,
 The wise and great, with their boasted power, The sinful and poor were there.
 De - ny thy-self, is the great command, Thy master and Lord has given,



But none were excluded, what'er their state, Nor turned from the Saviour's fold.
 And tenderly welcomed, with all their guilt, A place in his love to share.
 Go toil for the ma-ny that need thy care, Then reap a reward in heaven.



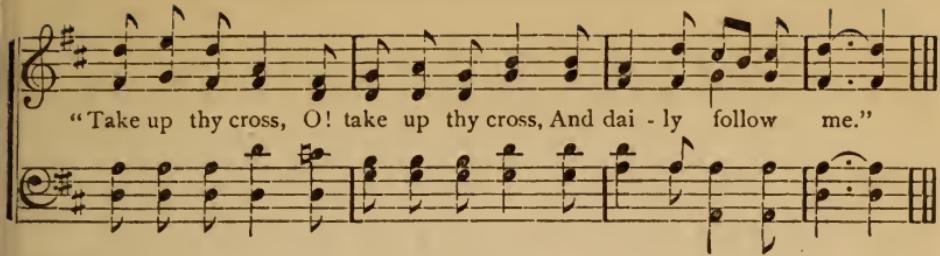
REFRAIN.



And what he said to his hear-ers then, Sinner, he now is proclaiming to thee—



TAKE UP THY CROSS. Concluded.



No. 89.

CLARA TEARE.

SATISFIED.

Psalm 36: 8.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

Sheet music for 'SATISFIED.' in G major. The vocal line is in 3/4 time, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords and eighth-note patterns.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
 2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al-most gone,
 3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would sat-is-fy,
 4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life so rich and free,

That I hoped would quench the burning Longed my soul for something bet-ter, But the dust I gathered round me Un-told wealth that nev-er fail-eth, Of the thirst I felt with-in. On-ly still to hunger on. On-ly mocked my soul's sad cry. My Re-deem-er is to me.

REFRAIN.

Sheet music for the Refrain of 'SATISFIED.' in G major. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns.

Hal-le - lu - jah! I have found it—What my soul so long has craved!

Je-sus sat - is-fies my long - ings; Thro' his blood I now am saved.

No. 90.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oft a - midst the deep'ning shadows, As we lin - ger on the shore,
 2. Dark and chill the foaming wat - ers, Fearful - ly they surge and roar,
 3. Yes, when earthly toils are o - ver And we whisper our good - bye,

In the mists of death's dark riv - er, Kindred spir - its passing o'er
 But with arms di - vine a - round us We are safe for - ev - er more;
 Angels bright o'er us shall hov - er, And shall watch each parting sigh;

Leave be - hind them precious tok - ens, As they cross the bil - lows wide,
 With our blest an - gel - ic con - voy We shall storms and waves out - ride,
 With glad songs and warm ca - ress es They shall bear us o'er the tide

8: FINE.

That a hap - py greeting waits us O - ver on the oth - er side.
 And be sure to find a welcome O - ver on the oth - er side.
 To the land of changeless glo - ry O - ver on the oth - er side.

D.S. But un - end - ing bliss a - waits us, O - ver on the oth - er side.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

There beyond the mists and shadows Naught shall e'er the soul betide,

No. 91.

BE READY AND WAITING.

E. R. LATTA.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. When the mes - sen-ger may call me From the scenes of earth a - way,
 2. When the bridegroom came at midnight, Waiting were the vir - gins wise;
 3. Be not like the fool - ish vir - gins, Oh, my soul, but rea - dy be;

For my ac - tions here to an - swer, Oh, it is not mine to say!
 But the fool - ish were not read - y, And were filled with sad surprise.
 And with joy go out to meet him, When thy Lord shall call for thee!

It may be at ear - ly morning, Or when noon-tide's sun is high;
 Then, at last, with lamps replen-ished, For ad - mit-tance they did wait;
 Do not sleep and do not slum-ber, In the false embrace of sin!

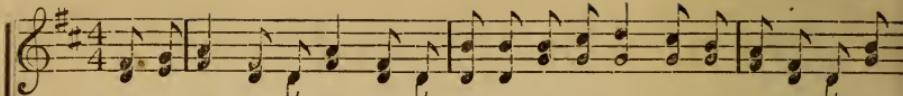
FINE.

It may be when day is clos-ing, Or a sol - emn midnight cry!
 But a - las, the solemn an - swer, That their com-ing was too late!
 Then, while mercy's door is o - pen, Thou, with joy, shalt en - ter in!

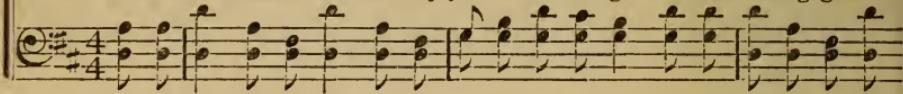
D.S.—Let my lamp be brightly burning When the Mas - ter shall ap - pear!

REFRAIN.

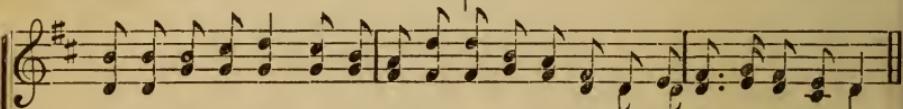
Let me rea-dy be and waiting, Waiting still thy call to hear!



1. "Let the children of Zi - on be joyful in their King;" Let the mountains and the
 2. "Let the children of Zi - on be joyful in their King;" Let them praise his name in
 3. "Let the children of Zi - on be joyful in their King;" There are blessings at his
 4. "Let the children of Zi - on be joyful in their King," And their loving, grateful



val - leys with their glad hosannas ring; 'Tis a joy that this world can - not
 anthems, and with ex - ul - ta - tion sing; With the robes of sal - va - tion the
 coming, like the gentle showers of spring; There's a-bun-dance of peace and re -
 ser - vice as a willing tribute bring, 'Tis the joy of the Lord that can

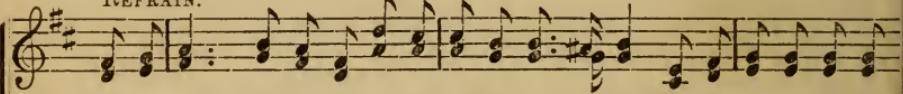


give nor take a - way; 'Tis a fore-gleam of the glo-ry of the land of perfect day.

Lord will beauti-fy Those who come to him for pardon, who to him for refuge fly.
 demption full and free; There's deliv'rance for the captive, and kind hearing of each plea.
 make his people strong—Strong to live and work for Jesus, unto whom all lives belong.

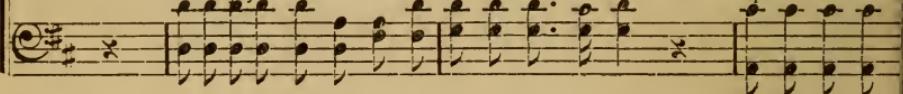


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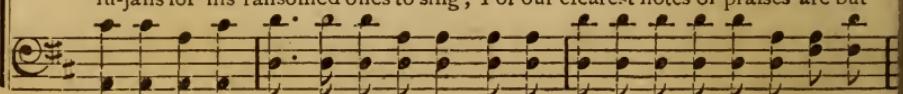


There is joy in Zi - on for the children of the King, There are raptured halle -

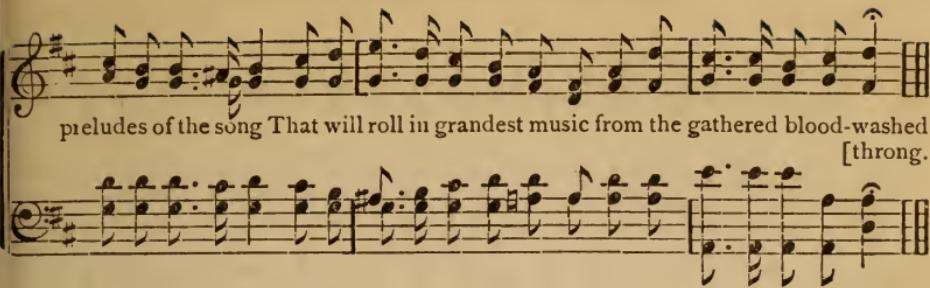
There is joy raptured



lu-jahs for his ransomed ones to sing; For our clearest notes of praises are but



JOY IN ZION. Concluded.



No. 93. AT THE CROSS I'LL ABIDE.

Matt. 27: 55.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je-sus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
 2. My dy-ing Je-sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
 3. O Je-sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee;
 4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood ap-ply All my guilt and sin re-move;

For there is hope for the ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a-bide.
 Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
 Oh, help me, while at the cross I lie, Fill my soul with per-fect love.

REFRAIN.

At the cross I'll a-bide At the cross I'll a-bide.

At the cross, I'll a-bide, At the cross I'll a-bide;

At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

No. 94. THE BLOOD OF MY REDEEMER.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

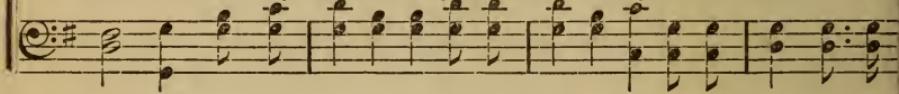
W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



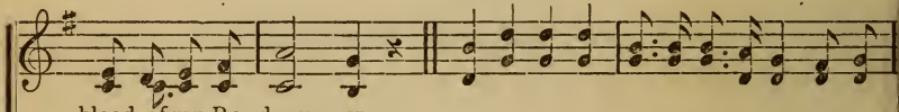
1. I will praise the Lord for his love to me, I am wash'd in the blood of my Re -
 2. I am sav'd by grace, and to him brought near, I am wash'd in the blood of my Re -
 3. What a constant peace in my heart I feel, I am wash'd in the blood of my Re -
 4. I will lift my voice while on earth I stay, I am wash'd in the blood of my Re -



deem - er; In the fount that flows at the Cross so free, I am wash'd in the
 deem - er; I would sing so loud that the world might hear, I am wash'd in the
 deem - er; There's a ho - ly joy I can ne'er reveal, I am wash'd in the
 deem - er; Then my soul shall sing in the realms of day, I am wash'd in the

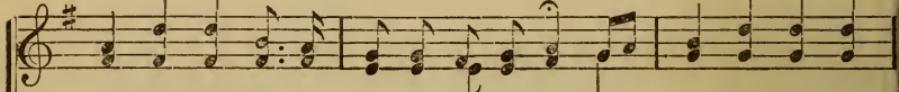
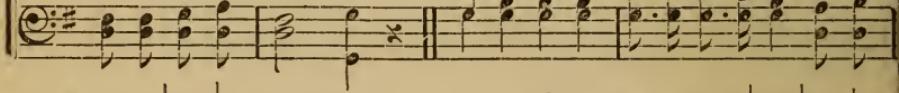


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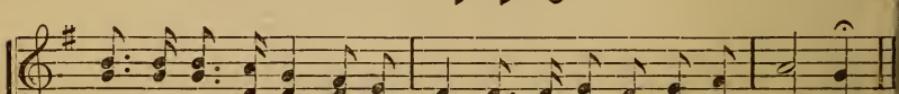


blood of my Re - deem - er.
 blood of my Re - deem - er. }
 blood of my Re - deem - er. }
 blood of my Re - deem - er. }

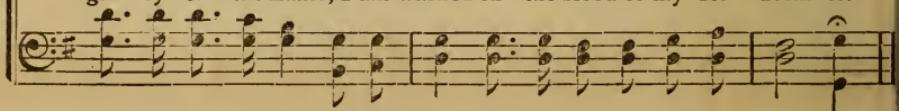
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, I am



saved from sin and he makes me what I am; Oh, glo - ry, glo - ry,



glo - ry to the Lamb, I am washed in the blood of my Re - deem - er.



1. We know our Re-deem-er, thy presence is here, The voice of thy
 2. We know thou art lift-ing our bur-den of care, We know thou de-
 3. We know that thou nev-er will leave us a - lone, We cling to thy
 4. We tell of thy goodness a-gain and a - gain, And feel how re-

spir - it how glad - ly we hear, But more of thy glo - ry by
 light - est to an - swer our prayer, But near - er the sunshine of
 promise for we are thine own, But near - er the por-tals of
 freshing our meetings have been, But near - er the riv - er of

faith we may see; Oh, draw us, dear Saviour, still clo - ser to thee.
 love we may be; Oh, draw us, dear Saviour, still clo - ser to thee.
 joy we may be; Oh, draw us, dear Saviour, still clo - ser to thee.
 life we may be; Oh, draw us, dear Saviour, still clo - ser to thee.

REFRAIN.

Clo - - ser to thee, clo - - ser to thee, O,
 Closer to thee, closer to thee, closer to thee, closer to thee.

draw us, dear Saviour, still closer to thee; Still clo - ser to thee.

No. 96.

FOR ME BY AND BY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. Ho - san - na to Je - sus, with rap - ture I sing! Ho - san - na to
 2. Though trials and cross-es on earth I may bear! Though la - bor and
 3. Though sorrow around me like bil - lows may roll, I know my Re -
 4. Ho - san - na to Je - sus, with rap - ture I sing, And press to his

Je - sus, my Lord and my King! My faith look - ing up - ward, be -
 toil - ing with oth - ers I share; The reap - ing draws near - er, and
 deem-er keeps watch o'er my soul; The bow of his prom - ise still
 pal - ace, my Lord and my King! I care not how swift - ly the

D.S. faith look - ing up - ward, be -

FINE.

holds in the sky, A mansion pre-par - ing for me by and by.
 hap - py am I, For Je - sus will call me to rest by and by.
 shines in the sky, Where pleasures are wait - ing for me by and by.
 moments may fly, For O there's a welcome for me by and by.

holds in the sky, A mansion pre-par - ing for me by and by.

REFRAIN.

My beau - - - ti - ful home, far o - ver the sea, My
 My beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, My

FOR ME BY AND BY. Concluded.

D.S.

beau - - - ti - ful home where soon I shall be, My
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

No. 97.

MY SPIRIT IS FREE.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

1. I follow the footsteps of Jesus, my Lord, His Spirit doth lead me a - long;
 2. A lep - er he found me, polluted by sin, From which he alone can set free;
 3. A captive in woe to my prison of night, The Master hath open'd the door;
 4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full salvation is wrought For sinners from sorrow and woe;

I walk in the pathway made plain by his word, And he fills all my soul with this song,
 He spake, in his mercy, "I will, be thou clean," And he instantly purified me.
 Shout aloud of deliv'rance, ye angels of light, Praise his name, O my soul, evermore.
 Sing aloud of his grace who my pardon has bought, "For his blood washes whiter than

[snow.]

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry to God, my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, he pur - i - fies me;

I'm walking the thorn-path, but joyful I'll be While following Jesus, my Lord.

1. I was a cap - tive, but mercy released me; I was in darkness, but
 2. Weeping, I longed for the rapture of pardon, Longed from my burden of
 3. Filled with the fullness of perfect sal - va-tion Washed in the blood that was
 4. O for the harp of a seraph to praise him; O for the tongue of an

now I can see; Over the mountain, where lonely I wandered, Je-sus, my
 sin to be free; Then, as I lift - ed my earnest pe - ti - tion, Je-sus, my
 shed on the tree; This my re-joic - ing through ages e - ter - nal: Je-sus, my
 an - gel to sing; Glory to Je-sus, my blessed Redeem-er, I am a -

REFRAIN.

Saviour, came looking for me.

Saviour, came looking for me.

Saviour, came looking for me.

dopt-ed the "child of a King."

} Wonderful Sav-iour, wonderful Sav-iour,

Now and for - ev - er my boasting shall be; O-ver the mountain, where

lone - ly I wandered, Je-sus, my Sav - iour, came looking for me.

1. Dear Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for -
 2. Dear Je-sus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Dear Je-sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait blessed
 4. Dear Je-sus, thou see'st I patient-ly wait; Come now, and with -
 5. Dear Je-sus, let no-thing un - ho-ly re - main; Ap - ply thine own

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
 make a complete sac-ri - fice; I give up myself, and whatever I know,—
 Lord, at thy cru-ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—
 in me a new heart create; To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst no,
 blood and remove ev'ry stain; To have this blest cleansing I all things forego;

REFRAIN.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. } Whiter than snow; yes,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

6. The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
 Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
 My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know,
 The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.

Cho.—Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,
 Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

No. 100. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. I was once far a-way from the Sav - iour, And as vile as a
 2. But there in that lone - ly hour A voice sweetly
 3. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus, And oh, what a

sin - ner could be;..... I..... won - der'd if Christ, the Re-deem - er,
 whisper'd to me;..... Saying, "Christ, the Redeem - er, hath pow - er
 joy came to me;..... My heart was filled with his prais - es,

Would save a poor sinner like me I wan - der'd on in the
 To save a poor sinner like thee." I listen'd, and lo! 'twas the
 For he sav'd a poor sinner like me. No long - er in dark-ness I'm

dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I sec; And the
 Sav - iour That was speak - ing so kind to me; I.....
 walk - ing, For the light is shin - ing on me; And

thought fill'd my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.
 cried, "I'm the chief of sinners, Thou cans't save a poor sinner like me."
 now un - to oth - ers I'm tell - ing How he sav'd a poor sinner like me.

1. We have wandered far a-way from our Father's home, In the
 2. We are com-ing now by faith, by the Spir-it led, We are
 3. We have kindred gone be-fore, to the heavenly home, And they

dark and dreary paths of sin, But we hear our Saviour's voice calling
 coming with our hearts to thee; We are trust-ing in the blood that for
 draw us by the chords of love; They are call-ing us to-day, calling

REFRAIN.

us to come And at once a bet-ter life be - gin.)
 us wasshed, And the ho-ly Spir-it sets us free. } We are coming home, We are
 us to come To the happy, happy home a-bove. } coming,

coming home, coming home to - day; We have
 coming, coming, to - day,

heard thy loving voice, Blessed Saviour, and rejoice; We are coming home to-day.

No. 102. SWEET HOUR OF COMMUNION.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How sweet is the hour of communion, That leads to my
 2. There bathed in the flood of his mer - cy, My garments are
 3. The doubts that as - sail me are conquered, Like va - por they
 4. Be - yond ev - ery earth - ly pos - ses - sion—Than hon - or, or

Sav - iour once more! A - far from each earthly de - lus - ion My
 white as the snow! And filled with his in - fin - ite glo - ry, My
 van - ish a - way; The sun of his presence a - ris - es, And
 wealth, or re - ward— I val - ue this dearest of bless - ings—The

REFRAIN.

soul to his presence would soar!
 faith and my joy ov - er - flow! } I love thee, sweet hour of communion, Sweet
 night turns to glo - ri - ous day! } hour that I spend with my Lord!

mo - ments of praise and of prayer! So rich with the blessing of

mer - cy, Sweet moments, sweet moments of prayer! Sweet mo - ments of prayer!

SAMUEL T. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



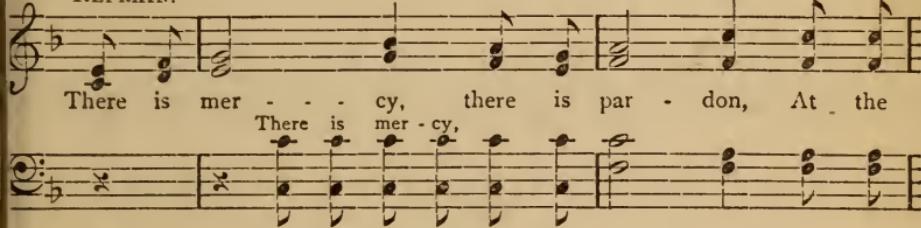
1. Come to Je-sus, lo, he call - eth, Weary wanderer, where art thou?
2. Hear his footsteps in the des - ert, Through the shadows dark and dim;
3. At the portals barred against him, By the cru - el hand of sin,
4. Come to Je-sus, he will lead you Through the blessed narrow gate;



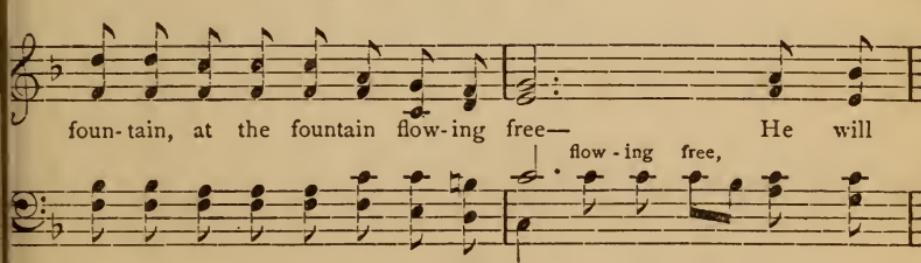
Poor and needy, weak and help - less, Come to Je - sus—trust him now.
 He is seeking those that per - ish; Calling burdened souls to him.
 Hear the gen-tle spir-it plead .. ing: Let the lov - ing Sav - iour in.
 Do not lin-ger till the mor - row, Lest its dawn-ing be too late.



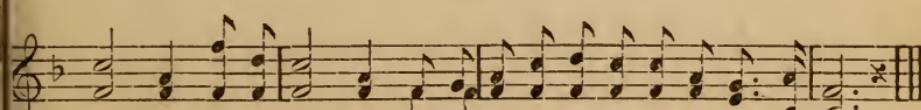
REFRAIN.



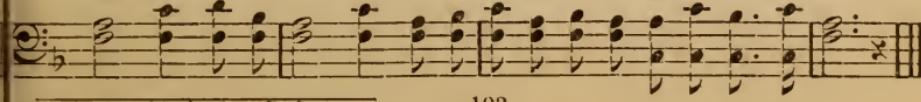
There is mer - - - cy, there is par - don, At the
 There is mer - cy,



foun-tain, at the fountain flow-ing free— He will
 flow-ing free,



save you, O be-lieve it,—He will save you, he will save you, come and see!



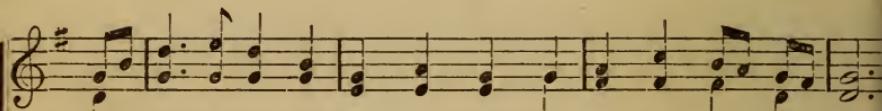
No. 104. ACROSS ON THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

SAMUEL STENNELL.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.



1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O the transport - ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight!
3. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains, Shines onee - ter - nal day;
4. No chill - ing winds, or pois'nois breath, Can reach that healthful shore;



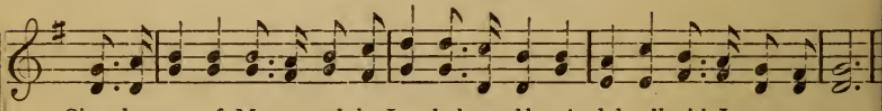
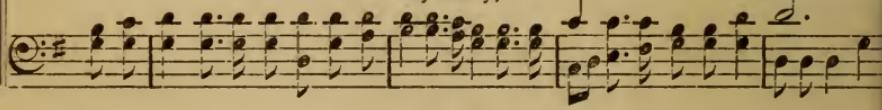
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 Sweet fields array'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 Sick-ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and fear'd no more.



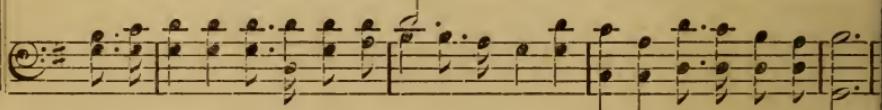
REFRAIN.



We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the evergreen shore,....
 by and by, evergreen shor



Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.

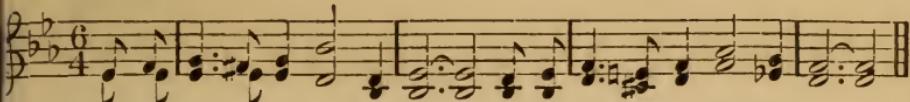


5. When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
6. Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay:
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll
 Fearless I'd launch away.

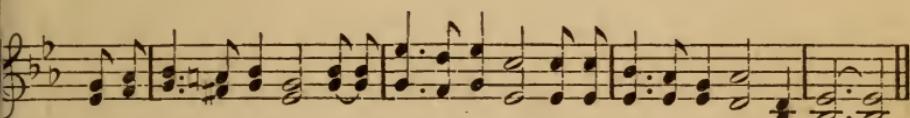
No. 105. THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

AMES NICHOLSON.

WM. U. BUTCHER.

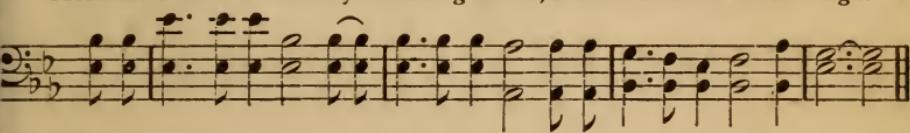


1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I fain would fly,—
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shallen - ter it by and by,
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I fear to die,
4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, And my kindred its bliss en - joy,

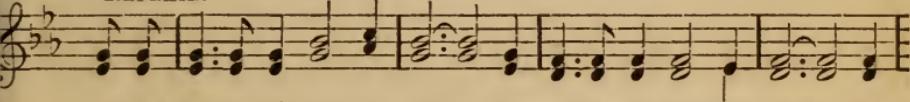


When by sorrows press'd down, I long for my crown, In that beautiful land on high,
here, with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, In that beautiful land on high.

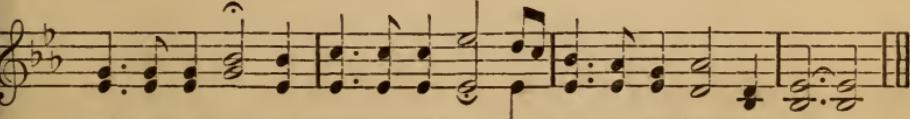
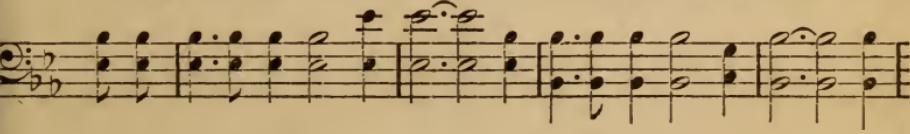
When death is the way to the realms of day, In that beautiful land on high.
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me, In that beautiful land on high.



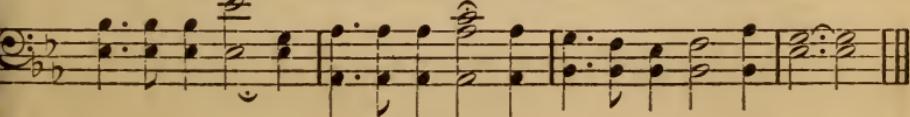
REFRAIN.



In that beauti - ful land I'll be. From earth and its cares set free; My



Je - sus is there, he's gone to prepare, A place in that land for me.



There's a beautiful land on high;
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.

Refrain.—In that beautiful land, &c.

By permission of A. S. JENKS.

6. There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say, "good-bye!"
When over the river we are happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

Refrain.—In that beautiful land, &c.

No. 106. THE EVERLASTING SONG.

MISS EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the port of Heaven o-pens to a world redeemed from sin,
 2. There the harps shall thrill as harps were never known to thrill be-fore,
 3. And when ceaseless ages shall have passed, with a-ges yet to come,

When the great arch foe is vanquished, and the vic-tors en-ter in,
 And no voic-es shall be si-lent on that safe and hap-py shore,
 When from all of earth-ly sor-row free we rest with-in that home,

There will be a burst of triumph, like the sound-ing of the sea,—
 But with glo-ri-ous commingling shall the migh-ty an-them swell,
 Still the cho-rus shall be peal-ing forth, un-chang-ing, grand and free:

Like the voice of ma-ny wa-ters shall that glorious anthem be:
 To the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who hath done all things well,
 “Un-to him who hath redeemed us let e-ter-nal glo-ry be!

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry, glo - - - ry to his name, Now and
 Glo-ry to his name, glo-ry to his name,

THE EVERLASTING SONG. Concluded.

ev - - - er-more the same; Let the cease - - less
 ev - er-more the same, Now and ev - er-more the same, Let the ceaseless chorus be,
 chorus be— Christ, whose love has set us free.
 let the ceaseless chorus be, Christ, whose love, whose love has set us free.

No. 107. THE ANGELS ARE LOOKING ON ME.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

J. P.

1. Like Ja - cob, in his Beth - el rest, The an - gels are looking on me;
 2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an - gels are looking on me;
 3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an - gels are looking on me;
 4. A pil - grim to the heav'nly land, The an - gels are looking on me;
 5. And till I reach my home at last, The an - gels are looking on me;

REFRAIN. 7 All night, 7 all night, The angels are looking on me;

They watch my pil - low—I am blest, The an - gels are looking on me.
 I know I'm safe, for an - gels keep, The an - gels are looking on me.
 God's presence makes my joy complete, The an - gels are looking on me.
 My steps are kept by God's command, The an - gels are looking on me.
 With ev - 'ry tear and tri - al past, The an - gels are looking on me.

No. 108. CALMLY LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.

E. E. H. WITT.

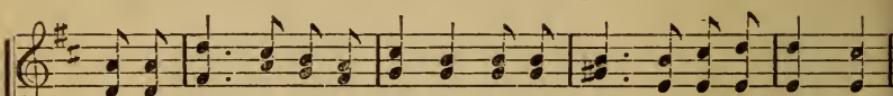
W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.



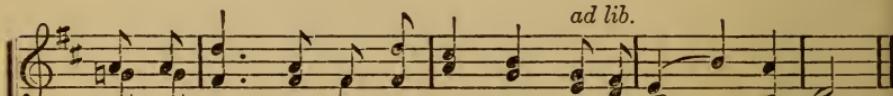
1. Calm - ly lean - ing on my Sav - iour, I have peace, sweet peace,
 2. Find - ing tru - est rest when wea - ry, I have peace, sweet peace,
 3. Heart to heart in full com - mu - nion, I have peace, sweet peace,
 4. Learning more and more of Je - sus, I have peace, sweet peace,



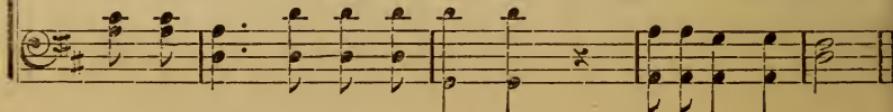
Rest - ing in the Fa - ther's fa - vor, I have peace, sweet peace,
 Joy, when else - where all is drear - y, I have peace, sweet peace,
 What can break this blood-sealed un - ion? I have peace, sweet peace,
 Of his sav - ing power that frees us, I have peace, sweet peace,



Though the storm-waves roll around me, Naught of ter - ror shall confound me,
 Here the hap - py se - cret knowing, Se - cret of the Lord's own showing,
 All my wants to him con - fid - ing, In his blest pa - vil - ion hid - ing,
 Humbly now his grace confess - ing, His own prom - ised gift pos - sess - ing,



While these arms of might sur - round me, I have peace, sweet peace.
 Grace for grace, his love be - stow - ing, I have peace, sweet peace.
 In his change-less love a - bid - ing, I have peace, sweet peace.
 To his name be end - less bless - ing, I have peace, sweet peace.

ad lib.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

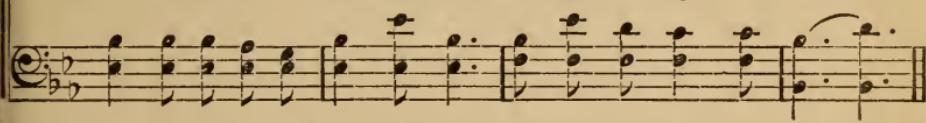
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



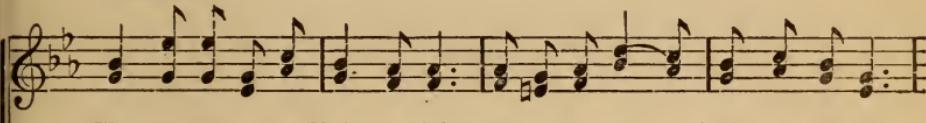
1. Look to Je-sus, O look and live, There is no hope be-side,
2. Lost, ou* Jesus your prayer will hear, There is no hope be-side,
3. If you turn from his love so free, There is no hope be-side,
4. Fix your eyes upon Christ to-night, There is no hope be-side,



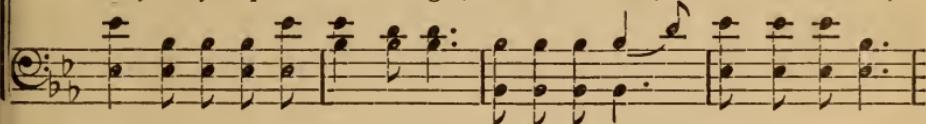
Life e-ter-nal that look will give, There is no hope be-side.
 Come, O come to the cross so near, There is no hope be-side.
 Lost for-ev-er your soul must be, There is no hope be-side.
 Plead for mercy with all your might, There is no hope be-side.



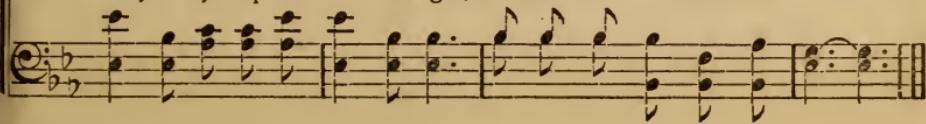
REFRAIN.



Fix your eyes up-on Christ to-night, Look unto him, look un-to him;



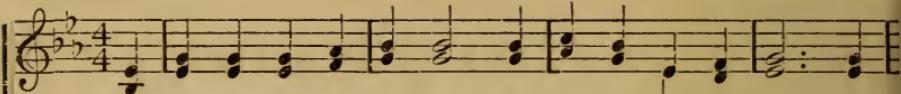
Fix your eyes upon Christ to-night, Look un-to him and be saved.



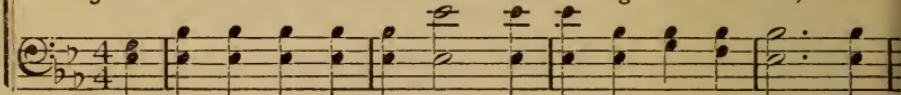
No. 110. LOVE AND REST AT HOME.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

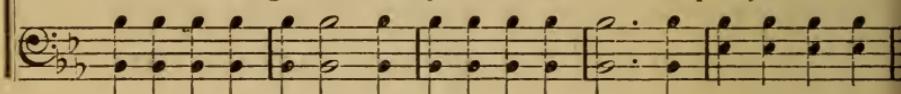
W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK



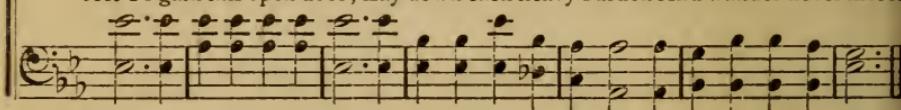
1. O pil - grim on life's des - ert, O wan - d'rer far a - stray, Why
 2. Why wan - der on in dark - ness, A - mid the storm and cold, While
 3. Here wat - ers of Sal - va - tion Are flow - ing full and free, The



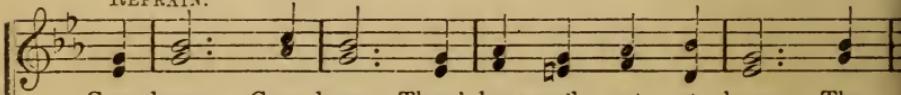
will you toil be - nighted A - long sin's thorny way? The Father's board is
 light from home is shining To guide you to the fold? Come, leave the bit - ter
 Bread of Life is glv - en, Your portion it shall be. O, speed your wearied



spread, The feast prepared at home, Here's welcome ready waiting, Why will you longer
 [roam? past, With all its sins, behind; The Saviour waits to give you A welcome true and kind.
 feet To gain this open door; Lay down each heavy burden And wander never more.



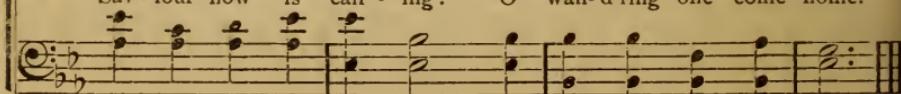
REFRAIN.



Come home, Come home, There's love and rest at home; The
 Come home,

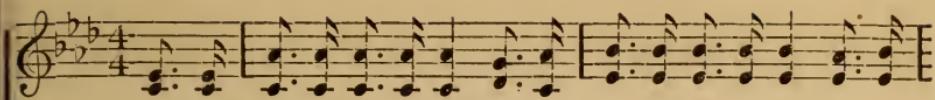


Sav - iour now is call - ing: O wan - d'reng one come home.

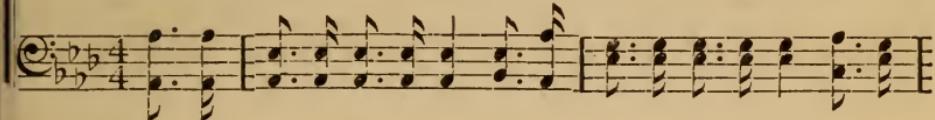


No. III. THE NEW "OVER THERE."

W. A. OGDEN.



1. They have reach'd the sunny shore, And will nev - er hunger more, All their
 2. Now they feel no chilling blast, For their win - ter time is past, And their
 3. They have fought the wea - ry fight, Je - sus sav'd them by his might, Now they



grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night, For their
 sum - mers al - ways last, O - ver there; They can nev - er know a fear, For the
 dwell with him in light, Over there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand, But we'll

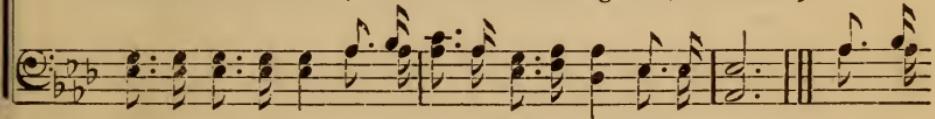


D.S. All their streets are shining gold, And their

REFRAIN.

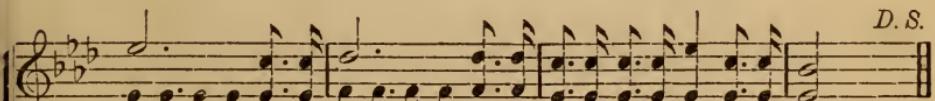


day is always bright, And their Saviour is their light, Over there. }
 Saviour's always near, And with them is endless cheer, Over there. } O - ver
 wait our Lord's command, 'Till we see his beck'ning hand, Over there. }



glo - ry is un - told, 'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold, Over there.

D.S.



there, O - ver there, They can never know a fear, Over there ;

O - ver there, O - ver there,

O - ver there



From "New Silver Songs," by per.

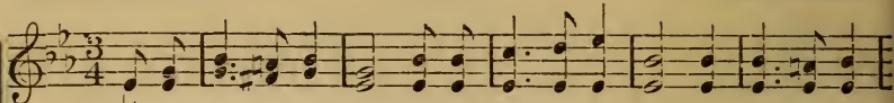
No. 112.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

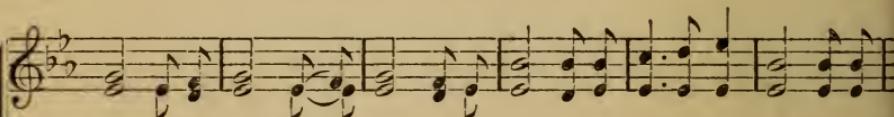
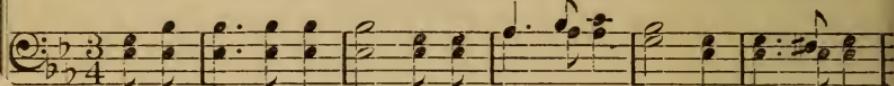
Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

John 14: 2.

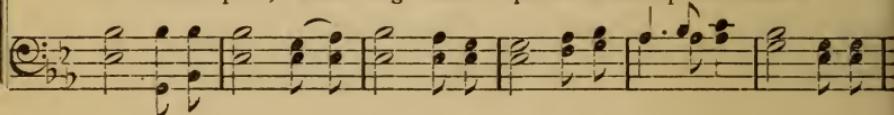
PHILLIP PHILLIPS.



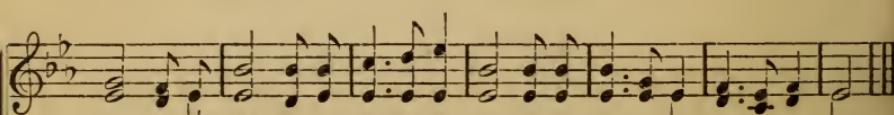
1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a-way
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright, jas- per
 3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all



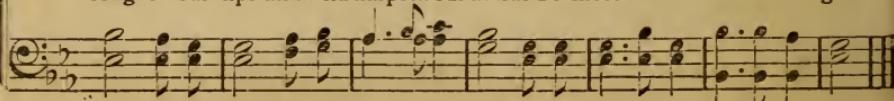
home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - Naz - ar-eth stands; The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is he, And he sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To



years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no tween the fair ci - ty and me, Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me; Till I holdeth our crowns in his hands, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands; The meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er again; With



storms ev - er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eter - ni - ty roll. fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Between the fair ci - ty and me. King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

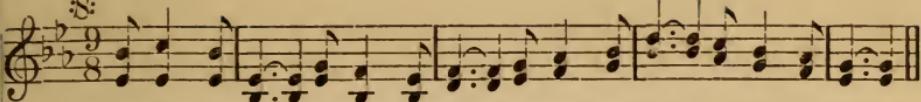


From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

S:

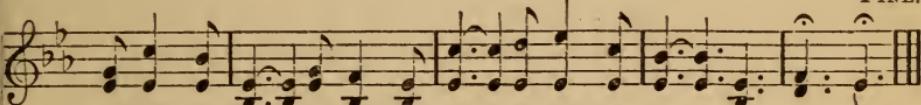


1. I knelt be - side the nar - row gate, My faith was weak, my bur - den great,
 2. And while I mourned my sinful state, And feared that I had come too late,
 3. Lo! at the cross my bur - den fell, The peace he gave no tongue can tell;



D.S. CHO. I knelt be - side the nar - row gate, My faith was weak, my burden great,

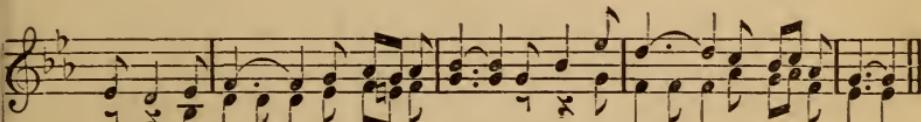
FINE.



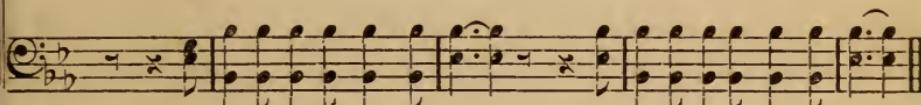
But mer - cy bade me watch and wait, And cast my all on Je - sus.
 The spir - it whispered watch and wait, And pray in faith to Je - sus.
 Within my heart he deigns to dwell, O, blessed, bles - sed Je - sus.



But mer - cy bade me watch and wait, And cast my all on Je - sus.



I knew—and this my on - ly plea—I knew his blood was shed for me;
 The healing stream was close at hand, And there I saw my Saviour stand;
 In loving tones his voice I hear, I trust him now with-out a fear,



D.C.



In him a - lone my hope must be, For none can save but Je - sus.
 I heard with joy the sweet command That brought my soul to Je - sus.
 He wipes a - way my ev - ery tear, O glo - ry be to Je - sus.



1. There's joy for the comfortless heart, There's joy that is ho-ly and true!
 2. There's love that is dear-er than earth, Far dear-er than jew-els or gold;
 3. There's One that is tru-er than all, The Friend of the friendless is he,
 4. Sweet joy, and sweet hope, and sweet love, All come from the Saviour divine!

There's hope for the pen-i-tent soul, There's pardon and blessing for you!

No wealth of the sea or the land Can measure that treasure un-told!
 And all that will seek him, may taste Of love that is per-fect and free!
 But seek them, poor sorrowing soul, And all of their rich-es is thine!

REFRAIN.

'Tis low at the Sav-iour's dear feet we must fall, 'Tis

low low, we must fall; The bless-ing so precious and

sweet is for all, The blessing so sweet is for all.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
 2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our friend a - bove is a
 3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
 4. There is per - fect peace though the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
 friend in - deed, We may cast on him eve-ry grief and care; There is
 ills and strife, When the pow - ers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
 seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair; There is

REFRAIN.

al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer.
 al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer.
 al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer.
 al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer. } There's a blessing in prayer, in be -

lieving prayer; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's love will re -

ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in prayer.

No. 116. SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

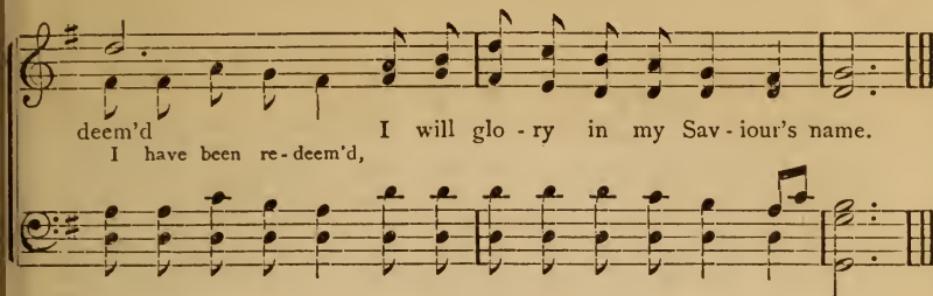
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 3. I have a Wit-ness, bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 4. I have a joy I can't ex-press, Since I have been re-deem'd,
 5. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd,

Of my Re-deem-er, Sa-viour, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 To do his will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Dispell-ing ev-ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 All through his blood and righteous-ness, Since I have been re-deem'd.
 Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly Since I have been re-deem'd.

REFRAIN.

Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
 Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,

I will glo-ry in his name Since I have been re-deem'd,

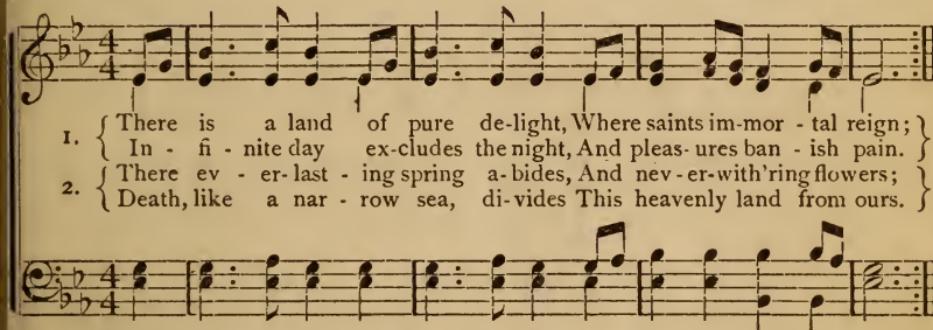


No. 117.

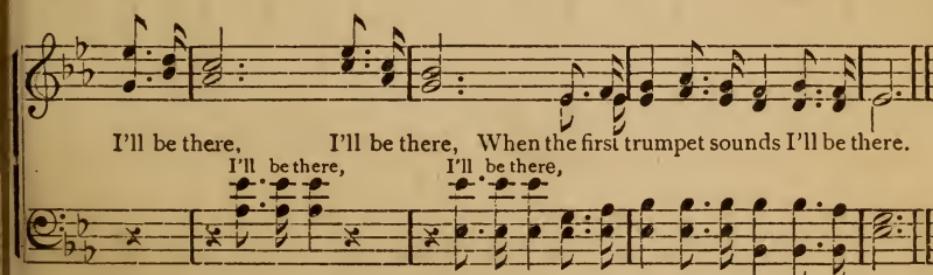
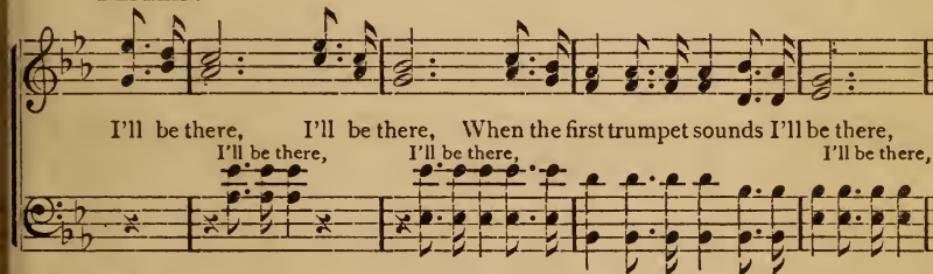
I'LL BE THERE.

ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



REFRAIN.



3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

No. 118. AN OVERCOMING SAVIOUR

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Shall we o - ver - come on life's bat - tle - field, When the darts fall
 2. We may o - ver - come in the try - ing hour, When the clouds of
 3. We may o - ver - come, though before us stand Ev - 'ry gi - ant -
 4. We shall o - ver - come, and our ban - ners bright We shall wave as we

thick on the Christian's shield? When the ty - rant world brings its
 e - vil a - bove us lower; When the hosts of dark - ness the
 sin in our foe's com - mand; Let the con - flicts be in God's
 march through the gates of light; We will spread our troph - ies the

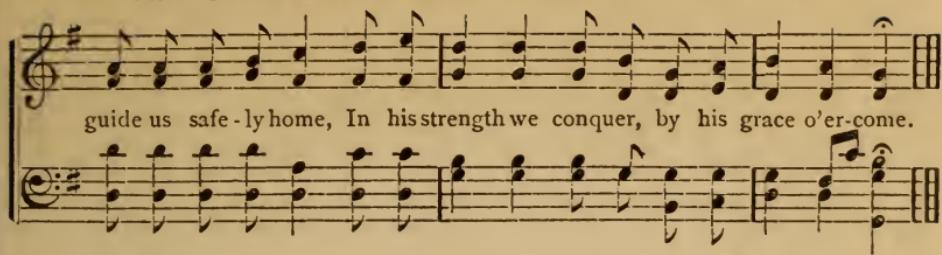
le - gions vast, Shall we o - ver - come till the strife is past?
 soul as - sail, We may o - ver - come, through our faith pre - vail.
 strength a - lone, Till our lat - est foe shall be o - ver - thrown;
 King be - fore, While we chant his tri - umph for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

We have a Saviour, who has o - ver - come the world; In his name go

forth, with his flag un - furled; For this o - ver - com - ing Sav - iour shall

AN OVERCOMING SAVIOUR. Concluded.



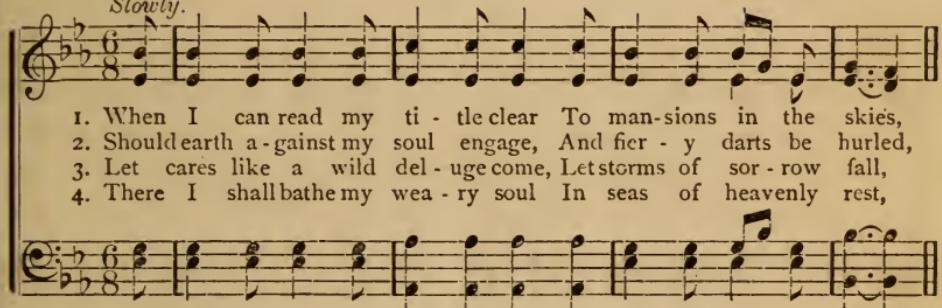
guide us safe - ly home, In his strength we conquer, by his grace o'er-come.

No. 119. WE'LL DWELL WITH CHRIST AT HOME.

I. WATTS.

Arr. by W. J. K.

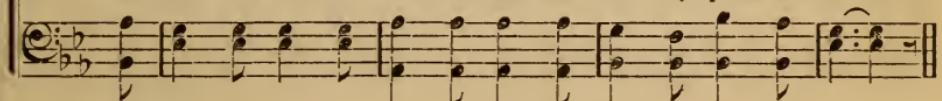
Slowly.



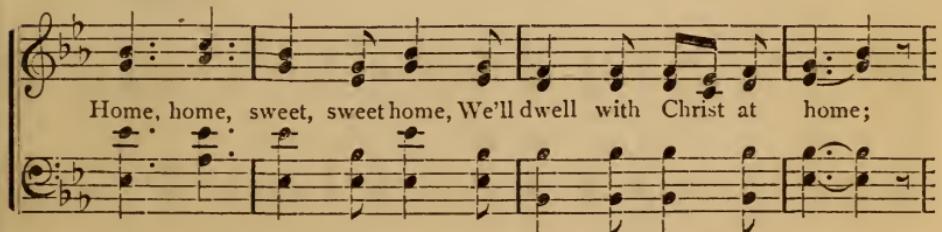
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul engage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, Let storms of sor - row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heavenly rest,



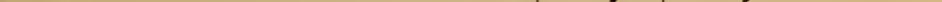
I bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.



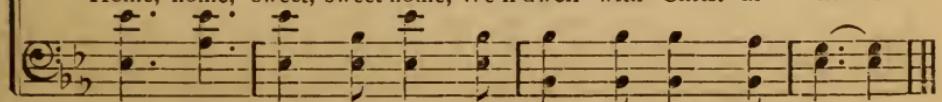
REFRAIN.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, We'll dwell with Christ at home;



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, We'll dwell with Christ at home.



No. 120. THE GLORIOUS DAY IS COMING.

*"The night is far spent, the day is at hand." —Rom. 13: 12.
"Look up—your redemption draweth nigh." —Luke 21: 28.*

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Oh, the glorious day is coming, By faith its dawning see ! When righteousness shall
2. Yes, the Lord is surely coming, His kingdom draweth nigh, When gloom and night shall
3. Then the Conq'ror of the Nations Shall banish every wrong, And earth, now sad with

rule the world, And men indeed be free : When weary souls shall cease to mourn, By
flee a-way, And er-ror writhe and die. Lo, he shall come, and by his power Re-
sighs and tears, Shall then be filled with song : And we shall lay our armor down, Our

weight of woe oppressed; When Christ shall reign in every heart, By every tongue confessed.
deem the world from sin; The "thousand years" so long foretold In that day shall begin.
earthly warfare o'er, Called home to be with God, and reign With him for evermore.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the glorious day is coming—yes, 'tis com - ing ! Hal - le -
lu - jah ! Shout, O Earth, the joy - ful cry ! See ! the glo - ry-beams are

THE GLORIOUS DAY IS COMING. Concluded.

ev-en now il - lum - ing The glowing banners of the morning sky.

No. 121. UNDER THY SACRED BANNER.

JAMES L. BLACK.

DR. A. M. WORTMAN.

1. Un - der thy sa - cred ban - ner Keep me, O Lord, I pray;
2. Thou that hast known temp - ta - tion, Thou that hast borne my fears;
3. What is my life with - out thee, Friend of my lone - ly heart?
4. Un - der thy wings de - fend - ed Glad - ly thy work I'll do,

Nev - er a - gain to grieve thee, Or turn from thy love a - way.
Hide me with - in thy ref - uge When - ev - er the storm ap - pears.
How could I meet my tri - als If thou from my soul de - part?
Knowing that thou art a - ble To car - ry me safe - ly through.

REFRAIN.

Un - der thy sa - cred ban - ner, Cling - ing by faith to thee,

Je - sus, my Lord and Mas - ter, O ten - der - ly care for me!

No. 122. PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS LOVE TO ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

(Sing also "O how Happy are They.")

W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the cold bar-ren hills I had wandered a - far— I was
 2. Oh, the depths of his love that my sin could re-move, When so
 3. Oh, the joy that I feel I can nev - er re-veal, There is
 4. Praise the Lord, oh, my soul, for the work he has done, For his

wea - ry as wea - ry could be— When the kind, lov - ing voice of the
 long I had turned from his call, But my guilt I confessed, for my
 light where my pathway was dim; I was lost till he came, now by
 goodness and mer - cy to me, For the hope of a rest, in the

REFRAIN.

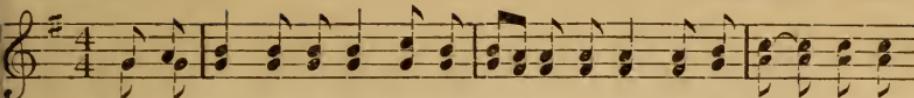
Saviour I heard, And I knew he was seek-ing for me.
 heart was oppressed, And he free - ly for - gave me for all. } Praise the
 faith in his name, I am trust - ing my fu - ture to him. } land of the blest, Where for - ev - er with him I shall be.

Lord, praise the Lord, O, my soul, rejoice and sing; Praise the Lord for his love to me. He re-

deemed me with his blood, O, the precious, cleansing flood. Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Arranged by E. E. NICKERSON. By per.



1. O! how hap - py are they Who the Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their
 2. That sweet comfort was mine When the favor divine I re - ceived thro' the



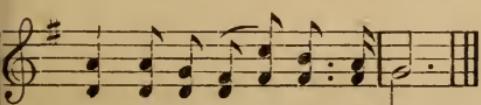
REFRAIN. At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my



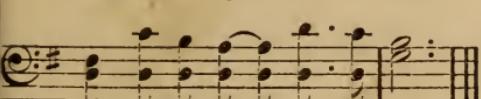
treasure above; Tongue can nev-er express The sweet comfort and peace Of a
 blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed What a joy I received What a



heart roll'd a-way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And



soul in its ear - li - est love.
 heaven in Je - sus ' name.



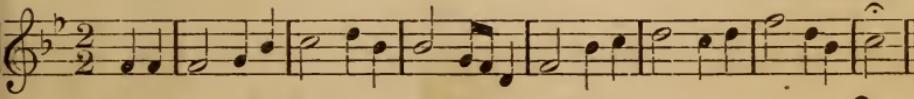
now I am happy all the day.

3. 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 The angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

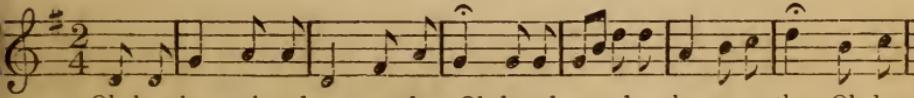
4. Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song:
 O that all his salvation might see!
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.

B.—Oh, How Happy are They.

CONVERT.



C.—Oh, How Happy, How Happy.



Oh, how happy, how happy are they, Oh, how happy, how happy are they, Oh, how
 hap-py are they Who the Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their treasures above.

1. O for a place in the wide arms of mer-cy, O for a
 2. O for a joy that is true and a - biding; Lord, I am
 3. O for a love that en - dur - eth for - ev - er, O to be
 4. Hark! 'tis thy voice that so ten - der - ly whispers Bless - ed for -

peace like a riv - er that flows. Je - sus, my Lord, un - to
 weak and my heart is oppressed. Wash me a - new in the
 filled with its full - ness di - vine; O in the light of thy
 give - ness for all that is past; Thou hast re - stored me a -

thee I am call - ing, Un - der thy shad-ow I long to re - pose.
 life - giv - ing fountain, Un - der thy shad ow now lead me to rest.
 smile to be walking, Un - der thy shad-ow what rap - ture were mine.
 gain to thy fa - vor, Un - der thy shad-ow I'm rest - ing at last.

REFRAIN.

On - ly in thee, on - ly in thee, Loving Redeem - er, my refuge shall be;

On - ly in thee, on - ly in thee, Loving Redeem - er, my trust is in thee.

No. 125. I WILL SING OF THE MERCIES OF THE LORD.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, All his goodness I will
 2. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Praise for ev - er shall my
 3. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Who in pit - y doth each
 4. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, Whose compassion will my

has - ten to proclaim; I will sing of the promise of his word, And
 heart and tongue employ; Ho - ly an - gels shall join with one ac - cord The
 stain of guilt re - move; Ev - er-more be his precious name a - dored For
 ev - 'ry want sup - ply; He will ev - er each needful grace af - ford, And

REFRAIN.

tell his power and fame:
 song of grate - ful joy. } I will sing his praise for - ev - - - er,
 his for-giv - ing love. } I will sing his praise, Will sing his praise forever,
 bring me safe on high.

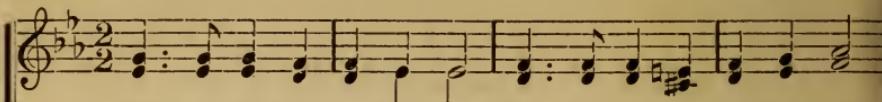
While I tread this vale of tears; Naught from
 While I tread this vale of tears; While I tread this vale of tears;

him my soul shall sev - - er, He hath banished all my fears.
 Naught from him my soul can sever, naught can sever, He hath

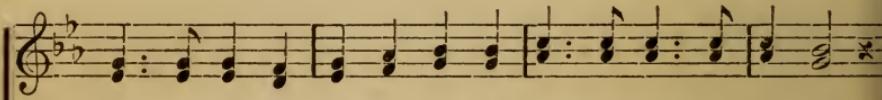
No. 126. RING OUT THE HALLELUJAHS.

Miss EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sing the song the ransomed sing, Let your hal - le - lu - jahs ring,
2. Sing the love that set you free; Sing the song of lib - er - ty.
3. Sing the grace that made you whole; Sing the vic - tri - es of the soul.
4. Sing till heaven shall catch the strain, Hal - le - lu - jah yet a - gain,



Glo - ry to the Lord, your King; Ring out the Hal - le - lu - jahs.
Sing the glo - ry yet to be; Ring out the Hal - le - lu - jahs.
Sing while time shall on - ward roll; Ring out the Hal - le - lu - jahs.
Love re-deem-ing the re-frain; Ring out the Hal - le - lu - jahs.



REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

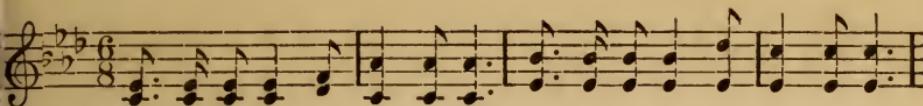


Glo - ry to our Lord and King; Ring out the Hal - le - lu - jahs.

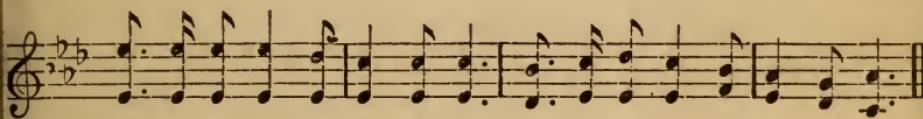
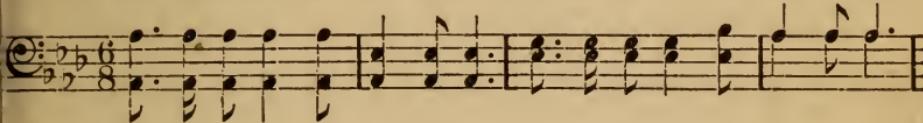


E. E. HEWITT.

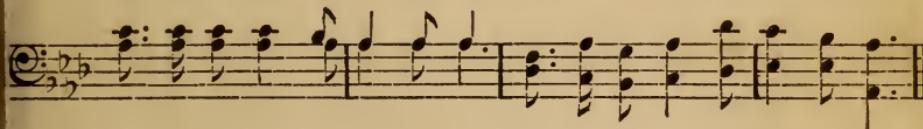
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



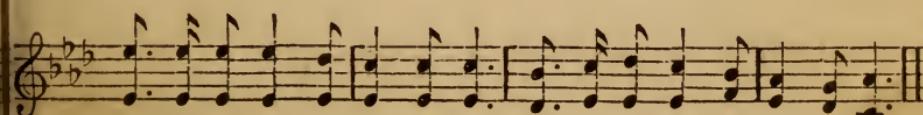
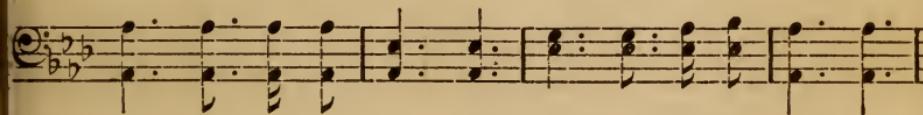
More of his sav - ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing his voice in ev - ery line, Mak - ing each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his com-ing, Prince of Peace.



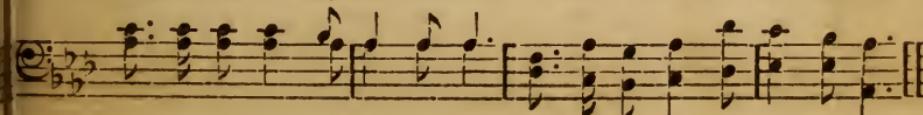
REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of his sav - ing full-ness see; More of his love, who died for me.



No. 128. CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

A DREAM.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I dreamed, and lo ! 'twas Sabbath eve ;—Within a church I stood, Secluded
 2. My heart was full ; I wept for joy ; They had not sung in vain ; For God was
 3. The scene was chang'd ; and as I passed A - long the sea of time, The church of
 4. Then swifter than the lightning wing, In air I seemed to rise, And in my

from the busy world, And shelter'd by a wood ; Its altar filled with mourning souls, Tho
 in that holy place, And souls were born again. The congregation, deeply moved, Thei
 God, with one concert, From earth's remotest clime, United at the self-same hour In
 dream a voice I heard, That fill'd me with surprise, " 'Tis done ! " he cried ; from heav'n and
 [earth On

young and old were there, And one and all together sang This old fa - mil - iar prayer
 earnest prayer renewed, Another hymn of ancient times They sang in tones subdued
 lof - ty strains to raise One loud, ecstatic burst of joy, One glorious hymn of praise
 raptured chorus broke ; And with that universal shout I from my dream awoke.
 rit.

B.—WINDHAM, L. M. Sing after first verse.

Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live.

Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

C —ARLINGTON, C. M. Sing after second verse.

Am I a sol - dier of the cross,— A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

D.—CORONATION, C.M. Sing after third verse.

O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and [King,
The triumphs of his grace; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

E.—THE HEAVENLY SHORE. Sing after fourth verse.

There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;
In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

No. 129. I'M SAVED FROM MY SIN.

MRS. EMMA PITTS.

Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I came to the fountain of mer - cy and love, I looked to my
 2. All glo - ry to Je - sus, the stream's flowing still, O, sweet in - vi -

Saviour by faith to re - move All doubts and all dark - ness—re -
 ta - tion! 'tis, who - ev - er will. I came, and my na - ture was

REFRAIN for 1 & 2 verses.—I'm saved from my sin; yes, I'm
 bell - ion with - in; I plunged in its wa - ters, I'm saved from my sin.
 cleansed from with - in; I plunged in its wa - ters, I'm saved from my sin.
 saved from my sin. O! glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm saved from my sin.

3. O, come to the fountain of mercy to day,
 'Tis open, wide open, oh stay not away;
 Its life-giving waters are plenty and free;
 Its virtue will save you, it saved even me.

Cho. It saved even me, yes, it saved even me,
 O! glory to Jesus, it saved even me.

4. The truth is so precious, that mercy is free
 The love is so boundless that saved even me
 O come to this fountain, let Christ dwell
 [within;
 I pray all ye people, be saved from your sin
Cho. Be saved from your sin, O be saved from
 I pray all ye people, &c. [your sin

Copyright, 1887, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

No. 130.

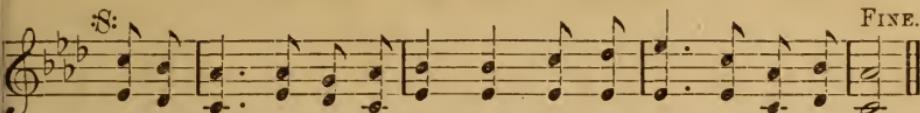
PRECIOUS WORDS.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

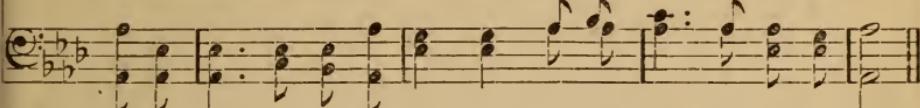
1. Precious words of ho - ly prom - ise Thou, my Lord, hast left for me:
 2. Precious words of ho - ly com - fort Fill my soul with joy to - day;
 3. When my heart is bowed with sor - row, When no beam of light ap - pears,
 4. Ev - 'ry tri - al borne with patience Hath its prom - ise of re - ward,
 5. Thou hast said, and we have proved it: Thou wilt be our constant friend;

PRECIOUS WORDS. Concluded.



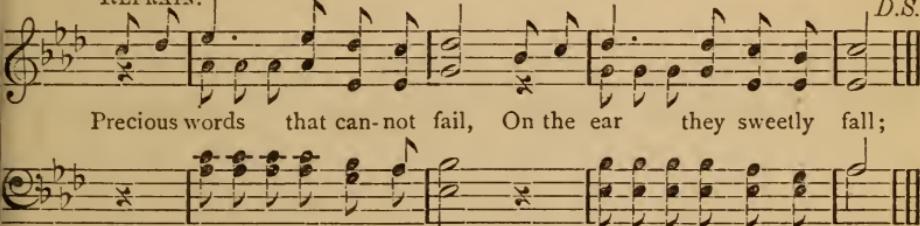
FINE.

Thou wilt cleanse and free-ly par - don Who - so - ev - er comes to thee.
 Thou hast said the peace thou giv - est Earth can nev - er take a-way.
 Then thy spir - it brings the prom - ise: God shall wipe a-way my tears.
 Endless life and crowns of glo - ry In thy king- dom, blessed Lord.
 Thou hast said, and still are say - ing: I am with you to the end.



D.S. Precious words of ho - ly com - fort left for me, and left for all.

REFRAIN.



Precious words that can-not fail, On the ear they sweetly fall;

Copyright, 1887, by JNO. R. SWEENEY.

No. 131.

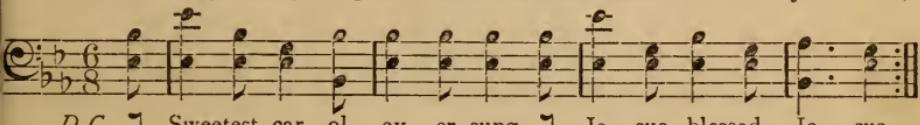
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Arranged by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

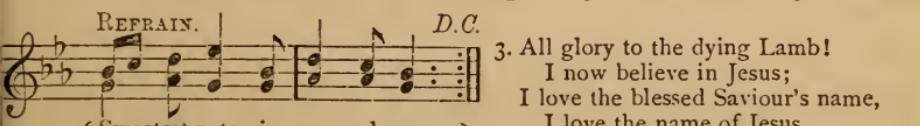


1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus, }
- { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your man - y sins 'are all forgiven, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
- { Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }



D.C. ♫ Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung ♫ Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



{ Sweetest note in ser - aph song, }
 { Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue, }

3. All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
4. The children too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.
5. His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus:
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.
6. And when to that bright world above
 We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love,
 The name, the name of Jesus.

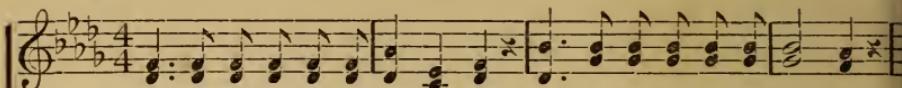
No. 132.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

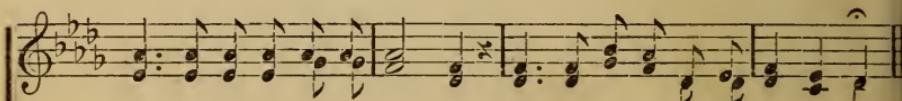
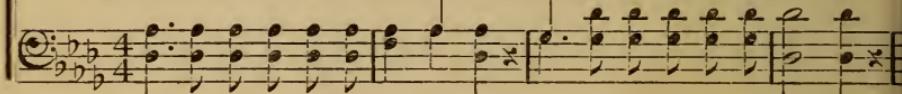
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROM. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

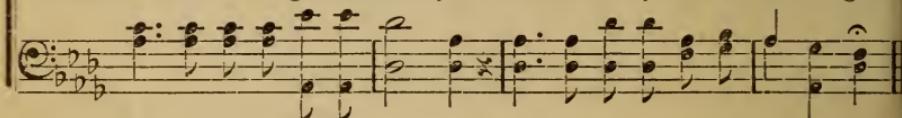
W. G. TOMER. By per.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



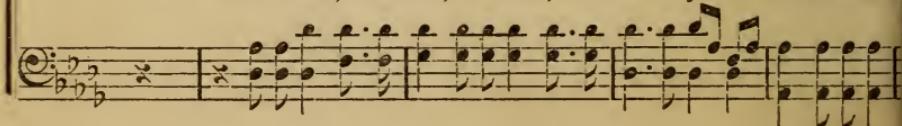
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put his arms unsfail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



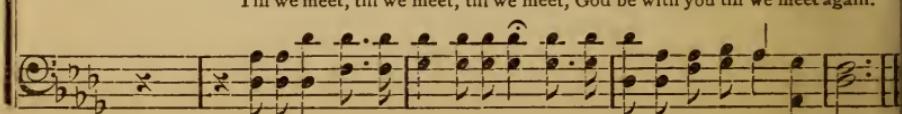
REFRAIN.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet Till we mee



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

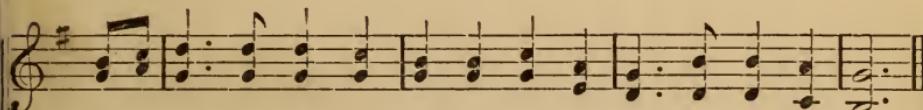


JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



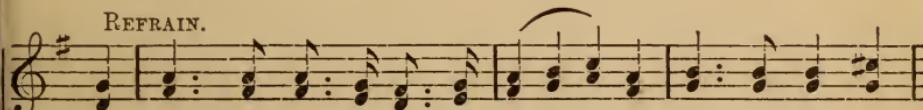
1. 'Tis faith that leads the trembling soul To Christ, the liv - ing spring;
2. She lifts the mountains from our path, On her strong arms we rise,
3. Through faith we o - ver - come the world, And all our foes sub - due;
4. She cheers the lone - ly vale of death With beams of sa - cred light;



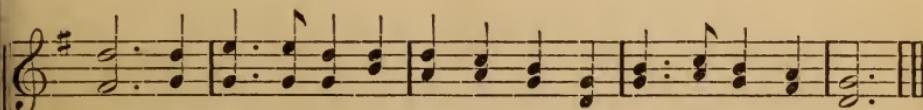
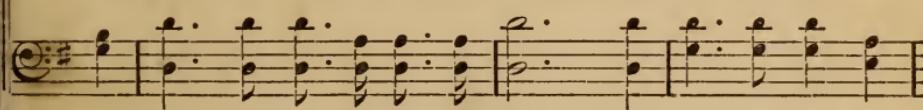
Her voice be - gan the migh - ty song That saints tri - umphant sing.
 And step by step the lad - der climb Whose top doth reach the skies.
 She holds a - loft the blood-stained cross With courage brave and true.
 She brings us to the gate of bliss, And there is lost in sight.



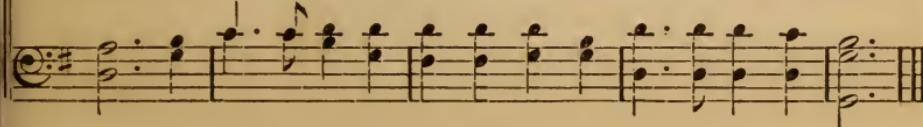
REFRAIN.



'Tis faith that smiles at ev - ery fear,..... And cries: "What shall be



done?" E - ter - nal a - ges shall proclaim The vic - tries faith has won.



No. 134. GIVE ME THE SWEET PEACE.

"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."—Jas. 5: 11.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.

Slowly.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. Oh, pi - ty, thou Saviour Di - vine! My soul would thy mercy im - plore,
2. My pathway, a - las, all un - known, By dan - gers and darkness shut in;
3. Though clouds gather darkly be - fore, And gloom veil my vision to - day,
4. O Fath - er, in mer - cy re - claim The wan - der - er, faint and distressed;

Be - liev - ing each promise of thine, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.
 I'm wea - ry of walking a - lone, So wea - ry of strife and sin.
 I wait for the bright ever - more, When darkness shall flee a - way.
 In Je - sus' a - dör - a - ble name The wea - ry one prays thy rest.

REFRAIN.

Give me the sweet peace of thy conquering love, The joy of thy pardon so free,

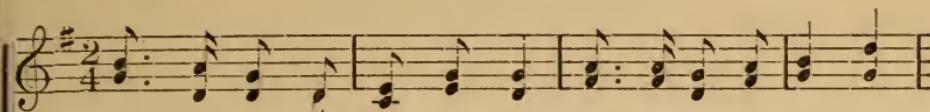
so free,

And grant me a place in thy mansions above, A home, ever-lasting, with thee.

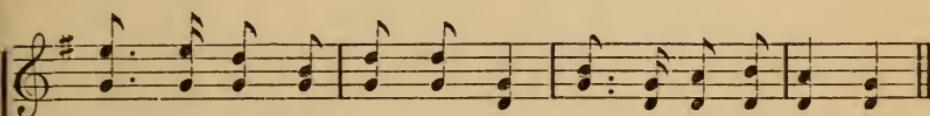
No. 135. TRUSTING IN MY SAVIOUR.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



1. Com - ing with this on - ly plea, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour,
 2. Here my sins are washed a - way, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour,
 3. If the clouds o'er-spread my sky, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour,
 4. This my safe - ty, hour by hour, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour,
 5. Led on by his gen - tle hand, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour,



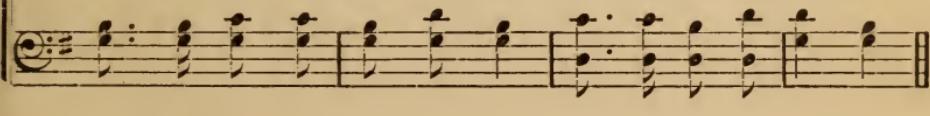
Life I find at Cal - va - ry, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour.
 Here my night is turned to day, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour.
 Still there's bless - ed com - fort nigh, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour.
 Safe - ty from the tempt - er's power, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour.
 Thus I'll reach the glo - ry land, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour.



REFRAIN.



All the bless - ed way a - long, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour,



Learn - ing notes of heav - en's song, Trust - ing in my Sav - iour.



No. 136.

CHAS. WESLEY.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? }
 Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

REFRAIN, faster. Smoothly. Repeat pp.

{ God is love, I know I feel; } Je - sus weeps and loves me still.
 { Je - sus weeps and loves me still; } Je - sus weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

2. I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not harken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Now incline me to relent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4. Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5. There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands,
 God is love, I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

No. 137. O GIVE ME ONLY JESUS!

Miss EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. To what of earth need I as -pire? O give me on - ly Je - sus!
 2. He found me when by sin un -done, O give me on - ly Je - sus!
 3. While life shall last my theme shall be, O give me on - ly Je - sus!

My sin - gle good, my one de-sire, O give me on - ly Je - sus!
 He took my bur-den for his own, O give me on - ly Je - sus!
 My song through all e - ter - ni - ty, O give me on - ly Je - sus!

O GIVE ME ONLY JESUS. Concluded.

His love a bulwark strong to me Through dangers past, and yet to be,
From low es-tate he drew me up, He filled to brimming o'er my cup,
The first, the last, the sinner's friend, The Rock on whom my hopes depend,

A hid-ing place to which I flee, O give me on - ly Je - sus!
With priests and kings I yet shall sup, O give me on - ly Je - sus!
My Sav-iour to the lat-est end, O give me on - ly Je - sus!

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No. 138. COME, LET US ANEW.

C. WESLEY.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
||: Roll round with the year, :||
And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
||: And our talents improve, :||
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2. Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
||: Glides swiftly away, :||
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown,—
The moment is gone;
||: The millennial year :||
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3. O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,—
||: I have fought my way through, :|| [do.
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to

O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,—
||: Well and faithfully done! :||
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

No. 139.

LOVE DIVINE.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, MCKENDREE, 8s & 7s.

FINE.

I. { Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
D.C. Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-ry trem-bl-ing heart.

Je-sus, thou art all compass-ion,—Pure unbound-ed love thou art.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
4. Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

No. 140.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,—

Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
5. Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finished!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?
6. Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood,
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
7. Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

J. HART.

No. 141. WHY DON'T YOU COME TO JESUS?

Balance of hymn on opposite page.

C. R. DUNBAR. By per.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.

REFRAIN. *p* *m* *f*

Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait - ing to receive you, Why
 don't you come to Je - sus and be saved? saved?

No. 142.

I WILL SPRINKLE.

FINE.

1. { Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord. }
 D. C. Sanc - ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will come and dwell with - in.
 REFRAIN. D. C.

I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin.

2. Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet may find,—
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind.
3. Be as holy, and as happy,
 And as useful here below,
 As it is your Father's pleasure;
 Jesus, only Jesus know.
4. Spread, O spread the joyful tidings,
 Tell, O tell what God has done,
 Till the nations are conforméd
 To the image of his Son.
5. O may every soul be filléd
 With the Holy Ghost to-day;
 He is coming, he is coming;
 O prepare, prepare the way.

No. 143.

MERCY'S FREE.

This Hymn may be sung to "On the Cross."

Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dying,
On the tree, On the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, Look to me;
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, Pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, Can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

3. Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Merey's free, Mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 144.

ON THE CROSS.

I. { Behold! behold the Lamb of God,
For you he shed his precious blood,
D. C.—Draw near and see your saviour die,

2. Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3. 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle fought the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.

On the cross, on the cross; }
On the cross, on the } cross.
On the cross, on the cross. D. C.

"E - loi - la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni."
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4. Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and, in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

No. 145.

ROCK OF AGES.

A. TOPLADY.

Tune, TOPLADY. 6 lines, 7s.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
 D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed.

2. Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 146.

MEDITATION.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

FREEMAN LEWIS.

1. O, thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
 2. Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
 3. O why should I wander, an a -lien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
 4. Ye daughters of Zi - on, declare, have you seen The Star that on Israel shone?
 5. He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice, And my-ri-ads wait for his word:
 6. Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal -vation, my all!
 Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wilderness rove?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.
 He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice, Re - ech-oes the praise of the Lord.
 Restore and defend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev - er re-joice.

No. 147.

JOHN CENNICK.

JESUS MY ALL.

Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M. d.

track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way, till him I view;
 grief a bur - den long has been, Be - cause I was not saved from sin;
 thing but sin have I to give, Nothing but love shall I re - ceive.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The
 The more I strove a - gainst its power I felt its weight and guilt the more, Till
 Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Saviour I have found; I'll

No. 148. HE WAS FOUND WORTHY. L. M.

REFRAIN

bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb, He was found worth -

1. Of him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye, needy,—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye, guilty,—he'll forgive.

2. Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3. To shame our sins he blushed in blood
 He closed his eyes to show us God :
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can shew

4. Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry :
 Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
 Ah ! who that loves, can love enough ?

No. 149.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

J. HATTON.

1. While life prolongs its pre - cious light, Mer - cy is found and peace is given;
2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
3. Soon, borne on time's most rap - id wing, Shall death command you to the grave,

But soon, ah, soon, ap - proaching night Shall blot out ev - 'ry hope of heav'n.
Come, sinner, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
Be - fore his bar your spir - its bring, And none be found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair,
5. Now God invites; how blest the day!

No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 150. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. Tr. by J. WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

I. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood;

To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
3. How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
4. How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
5. Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

No. 151.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav iour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
 4. If some poor wandering child of thine Have spurned to-day the voice di-vine,

O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 152.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Tune, HAMBURG. L.M.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bids't me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 153.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HAPPY DAY.

English Melody.

S:

2/4 time, treble and bass staves. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

I. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy

Continuation of the musical notation in 2/4 time, treble and bass staves.

FINE.

D.S.

Final section of the musical notation in 2/4 time, treble and bass staves.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away ! He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joicing every day.

Continuation of the musical notation in 2/4 time, treble and bass staves.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done !
I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart ;
With him, of ev'ry good possess'd.

5. High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 154. I'M GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged.

2/4 time, treble and bass staves. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note chords.

CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more !
To die no more, to die no more; I'm go-ing home to die no more ! }

2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky :
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3. While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

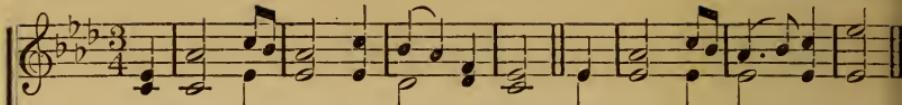
5. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 155.

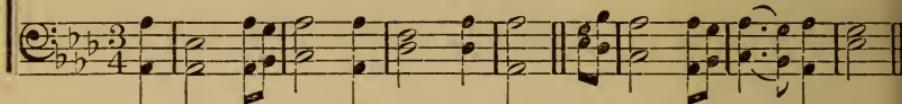
COMMUNION. C. M.

I. WATTS.

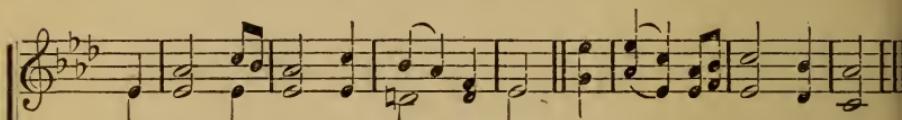
STEPHEN JENKS.



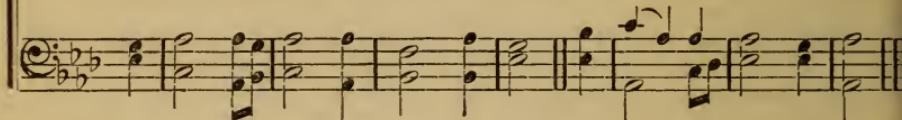
1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovreign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?



Refrain. O, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry,



Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!



The Lamb was slain, but lives a - gain, To in - ter-cede for me.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man the creature's sin.
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

Second Chorus. Key G.

I will believe, I do believe
 That Jesus died for me,
 And through his blood, his precious blood,
 I am from sin set free.

Third Chorus. Key F.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
 And ever faithful be;
 And when thou sittest on thy throne,
 O Lord, remember me.

No. 156. Key A♭.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

||: O how I love Jesus, :||
 O how I love Jesus,
 Because he first loved me.

||: How can I forget thee :|| Lord,
 How can I forget thee;
 Dear Lord, remember me.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

5. I would thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

No. 157. WE ARE PASSING AWAY. C. M.

J. HART.

Arr. by W. J. K.
REFRAIN.

1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear; Repent, thine end is nigh; } We are passing a -
Death, at the farthest, can't be far: O think before thou die.
way, We are passing away, We are passing away, To the great judgment day.

2. Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
3. Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;

He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.
4- Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction ends not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

By permission of A. S. JENKS.

No. 158. THE COMING DAY. C. M.

1. { And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day } Oh
For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought, And every word I say.
what will you do in the coming day, In the coming day, the coming day;
When the heav'ns and the earth shall pass away, What will you do in that day?

2. Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
3. How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.
5. If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

No. 159. I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

H. BONAR, D. D.

Tune, ANGELUS. 7s & 6s.

1. { I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spot-less lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us From the ac-cu-red load.

I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains

White in his blood most pre-cious, Till not a stain re-mains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases
He all my sorrows shares.

3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 160.

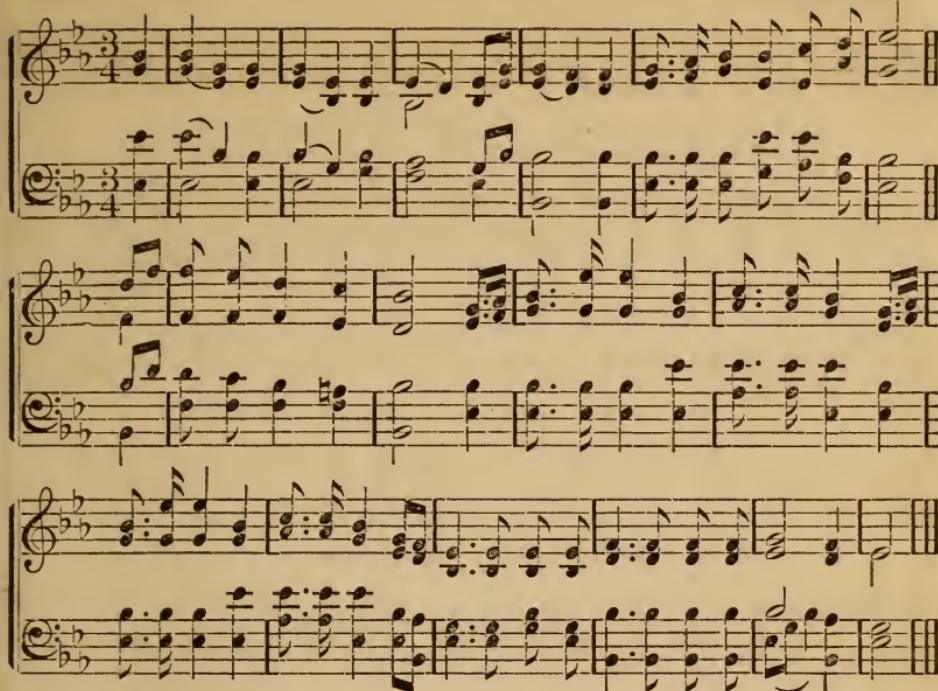
1. I could not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeeme'd me .
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2. I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on thee.

3. I could not do without thee,
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

ARIEL. C. P. M

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 161. O Love Divine.

1. O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
2. Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
3. God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.
4. O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
5. O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee.
My everlasting rest.

C. WESLEY.

No. 162. The Glorious Hope.

1. O glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.
2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.
3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
4. O that I might at once go up:
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

C. WESLEY.

No. 163.

FULL SALVATION.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

MISS DORA BOOLE.

1. Precious Saviour, thou hast sav'd me; Thine and on - ly thine I am;
 2. Long my yearning heart was try - ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
 3. Trusting, trust-ing ev 'ry moment; Feeling now the blood ap - plied;
 4. Con - se - crat - ed to thy ser - vice, I will live and die to thee:

FINE.

Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
 But I gave all try - ing o - ver: Simply trust - ing, I was blest.
 Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
 I will wit - ness to thy glo - ry Of sal - va - tion full and free.

D.S.—Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

5. Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
 He has sweetly saved my soul,
 Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
 Sanctified, and made me whole.—*Cho.*

6. Glory to the blood that bought me,
 Glory to its cleansing power!
 Glory to the blood that keeps me!
 Glory, glory, evermore!—*Cho.*

No. 164. COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just - now,

Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you.	6. O believe Him.	10. He will cleanse you.
3. He is able.	7. O receive Him.	11. Only trust Him.
4. He is willing.	8. Jesus loves you.	12. Let us praise Him.
5. He is waiting.	9. He will bless you.	13. Hallelujah, hallelujah.

No. 165. BETTER FARTHER ON.

Arr. by JAMES NICHOLSON.

L. THOMPSON.

1. Oft I hear hope sweet-ly singing, Soft-ly in an un-der-tone;
 Sing-ing as if God had taught her—It is bet-ter far-ther on.
 D.S. Sings it so my heart may hear it—It is bet-ter far-ther on.

FINE.

Night and day she sings this same song—Sings it while I sit a lone,

2. When my faith took hold on Jesus,
 Light divine within me shone,
 And I know since that glad moment,
 “It is better farther on.”
 Daily coming to the fountain,
 Flowing free for every one,
 I am saved, and hope is singing—
 “It is better farther on.”

3. Farther on! but how much farther?
 Count the milestones one by one;
 No, no counting, only trusting—
 “It is better farther on.”
 Hope, my soul, hope on forever,
 All thy doubts and fears be gone,
 Jesus will forsake thee never—
 “It is better farther on.”

Copyright, 1875, in "Precious Songs."

No. 166. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are an - gels hov - ring round, There are an - gels hov - ring round, There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - ring round.
 2. To carry the tidings home.
 3. To the New Jerusalem.
 4. Poor sinners are coming home.
 5. And Jesus bids them come.
 6. We are on our journey home.
 7. Let him that heareth, come.
 8. And he that is thirsty come.
 9. Whosoever will may come.

No. 167.

WM. PATON MACKAY.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
 2. We praise thee, O God! for thy spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
 5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-

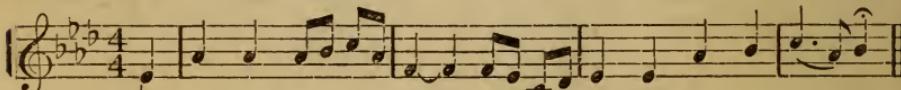
REFRAIN.

died, and is now gone a-bove.
 Sav-iour and scattered our night.
 sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain. }
 sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
 kindled with fire from a-bove.

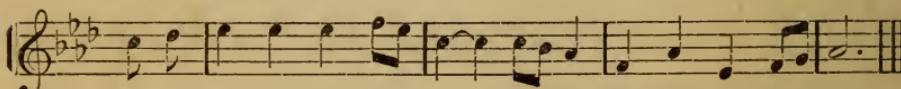
Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal-le-

lu-jah! A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Re-vive us a-gain.

No. 168. THERE YOU'LL SING HALLELUJAH. C. M.



CHO.—There you'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, And I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah,



And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah, In that bright world a-bove.

1. And let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high.

2. I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3. O what are all my sufferings here.
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host to appear,
 And worship at thy feet!

4. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

No. 169 NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

Arranged for this Work.
FINE.

2. Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3. Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,

Now I know it's full and free;
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4. Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 170. I AM BOUND FOR THE KINGDOM.

REFRAIN.

3. Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4. Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves ro-o'er thee
Would not then thy courage fail?

6. No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.

No. 171.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LO! HE COMES.

Tune, ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. { Lo! he comes with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train: } Halle -

2. { Eve - ry eye shall now behold him, Robed in dreadful ma-jes - ty;
Those who set at naught and sold him, Pierced and nail'd him to the tree, } Deeply

lujah! God appears on earth to reign ; Hallelujah ! God appears on earth to reign,
wailing, Shall the true Messiah see ; Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

3. All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4. Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Make thy righteous sentence known :
Jah ! Jehovah !
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

No. 172.

I HAVE SOUGHT.

Tune, HAPPY LAND.

1. { I have sought round the verdant earth For un - fad - ing joy ; } Lord, be -
I have tried ev - 'ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy ; }

stow on me Grace to set my spirit free ; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2. I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress ;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless ;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief ;
What shall give relief ?
What shall give peace ?

3. Then I turned to thy gospel, Lord
From folly away ;
Then I trusted thy holy word
That taught me to pray .

Here I found release—
In thy word my soul found peace,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4. I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore ;
All my heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power ;
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

No. 173.

THE BLEEDING LAMB.

Arranged, W. J. K.

6 8

1. { My Sav - iour suf-fer'd on the tree, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb! }
 Oh! come and view the Lord with me, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
 D. C. It sets my spir - it all a-flame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!

FINE.

6 8

REFRAIN.

D.C.

The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleed-ing Lamb! I love the sound of Je - sus name.

2. He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
 And I am sav'd through Jesus' name,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

3. I know my sins are all forgiv'n,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
 And I am on my way to heav'n,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

4. And when the storms of life are o'er,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

5. And this my ceaseless song shall be,—
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb;—
 That Jesus tasted death for me,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

No. 174.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

R. E. HUDSON.

7 7 4

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise when the

Bridegroom came, And trusting, oh! trusting, yes, trusting when the Bridegroom came.

2. Five of them were foolish when the
 Bridegroom came, And doubting, &c.

3. The wise took their oil when the Bride-
 groom came, And singing, &c.

4. The foolish had no oil when the Bride-
 groom came, And weeping, &c.

5. The righteous were accepted when the
 Bridegroom came, And shouting, &c.

6. The foolish were rejected when the
 Bridegroom came, And wailing, &c.

7. Will you all be ready when the Bride-
 groom comes, And waiting, &c.

No. 175. JESUS, LET THY PITYING EYE.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune, PENITENCE. W. H. OAKLEY.

False to thee, like Pe-ter, I Would fain like Pe-ter weep.
 Give me, through thy dy-ing love, The hum-ble, con-trite heart:
 Cast my sins be-hind thy back, And wash me white as snow.

D.S.—Turn and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

D.S. Refrain.

Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suff'ring shown;
 Give what I have long implored, A por-tion of thy grief unknown;
 Speak the re-con-cil-ing word, And let thy mer-cy melt me down,

No. 176. Vain Delusive World.

1. Vain delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
2. Other knowledge I disdain:
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
 He tasted death for me;
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-aton-ing Victim died;
 Only Jesus, &c.
3. Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart

From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus, &c.

4. Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend:
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus, &c.
5. O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied :
 Only Jesus, &c.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 177. I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. W. Mc DONALD.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak, and blind;
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary;

I am counting all but dross; I shall fully salvation find.
 Humbly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2. Long my heart has sighed for thee ; Long has evil dwelt within ; Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.	4. In the promises I trust ; Now I feel the blood applied ; I am prostrate in the dust ; I with Christ am crucified.
3. Here I give my all to thee,— Friends, and time, and earthly store ; Soul and body thine to be— Wholly thine—forever more.	5. Jesus comes ! he fills my soul ! Perfected in love I am ; I am every whit made whole ; Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 178.

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

Chorus by W. J. K.

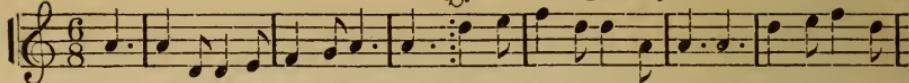
REFRAIN.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of a series of eighth-note chords. The lyrics 'Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry, be to Je-sus, Glo-ry, glo-ry, Now and ev-er-more.' are written below the notes. The score is set against a white background with black musical notation.

No. 179.

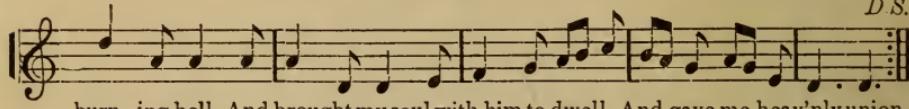
HEAVENLY UNION.

:8: As sung at St. John's M. E. Church, Phila.



1. Come saints and sinners, hear me tell The wonders of Immanuel, Who saved me from a
REF.—U - nion, u - nion, He saved me, &c.

D.S.



burn - ing hell, And brought my soul with him to dwell, And gave me heav'nly union.

2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."
Union, union, He looked, &c.

3. Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.
Union, union, It grieved, &c.

4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean,
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.
Union, union, And with, &c.

5. I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.
Union, union, And if I met, &c.

No. 180. MY BRETHREN, I HAVE FOUND.

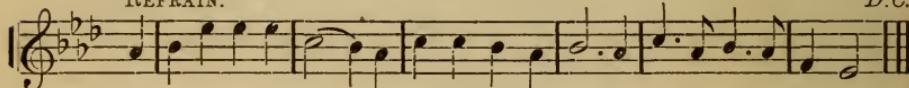
FINE.



1. { My brethren, I have found A land which doth abound With food as sweet as manna }
{ The more I eat I find The more I am inclined To sing and shout hosanna. }
D.C. And as we march along, We'll sing the Christian's song, We hope to live forever.

REFRAIN.

D.C.



My soul doth long to go, Where it shall fully know, The beauties of my Saviour.

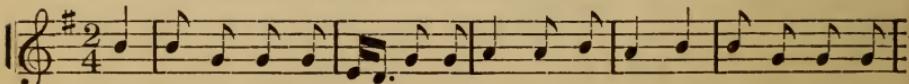
2. What must the fountain be
From which grace flows so free,
It yields both peace and pleasure;
There's no terrestrial bliss
Could ever equal this,
A foretaste of my Saviour.

3. Perhaps you think I'm wild
And simple as a child:
I am a child of glory.

4. My joy is from above,
My heart is filled with love,
I long to tell the story.

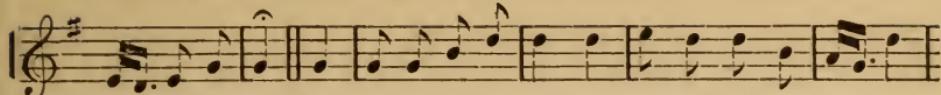
4. Now, brethren, can you say,
That you are on your way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not for your name;
Religion is the same;
Come tell the pleasing story.

No. 181. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS?

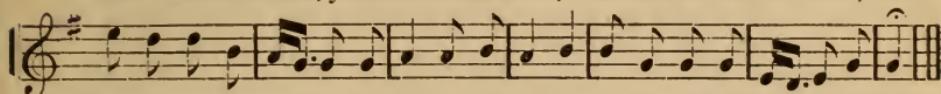


1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What wondrous love is
2. When I was sinking down Sinking down, sinking down, When I was sinking
3. He led me first to see What I was, what I was; He led me first to
4. He keeps me day by day; O my soul, O my soul! He keeps me day by
5. And when to Jordan's flood We have come, we have come, And when to Jordan's

WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS? Concluded.

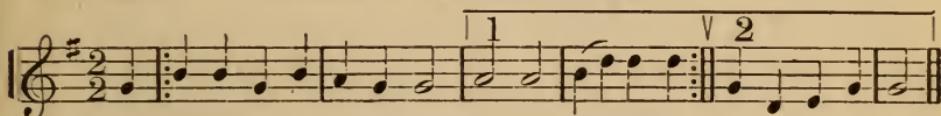


this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this That caused the Lord of bliss To down, O my soul! When I was sinking down, Beneath God's righteous frown, Christ see What I was; He led me first to see My sin and mis-er- y, And day, O my soul! I'm liv-ing at his side, Beneath the crimson tide, And flood We have come; Jehovah rules the tide, The wat-er he'll di-vide, And



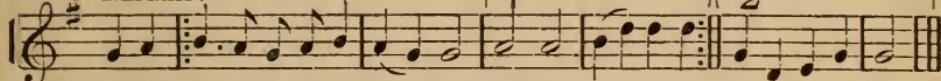
send this precious peace To my soul, to my soul, To send this precious peace To my soul? laid aside his crown For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid aside his crown For my soul. then he set me free; Bless his name, bless his name, And then he set me free, Bless his name. Je-sus crucified Keeps my soul, keeps my soul, And Jesus crucified Keeps my soul. welcome home his Bride, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, And welcome home his Bride, [Praise the Lord.

No. 182. HAPPY IN THE LORD.



1. A | pilgrim and a stranger here, hap-py, hap-py, I | seek the home to pilgrims dear, | hap-py in the Lord.

REFRAIN.



Then we'll | cross the river of Jordan, Happy, happy, We'll | cross the river of Jordan, | happy in the Lord.

2. I leave the world and sin behind,
That better home in heaven to find.
3. In that fair clime of endless day,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away.
4. To living founts, through verdant meads,

- The Lamb his ransomed followers leads
5. Farewell! vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come.
6. No mourning there, no funeral gloom,
But health and youth forever bloom.

No. 183. TUNE, HORTON. KEY A.

1. Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
2. Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
3. Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done,
4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 184. TUNE, WEBB. KEY B_{flat}.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

No. 185. WE'LL SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL. 11s.

Repeat four times for each verse.

1st. REFRAIN.

2d. We'll sound the loud

timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ; Je - ho - vah has triumphed, his people are free.

1. My soul's full of glory, Inspiring my tongue, Could I meet with angels I'd sing them a song; I'd sing of my Jesus, And tell of his charms, And beg them to bear me To his loving arms.	2. I find him in singing, I find him in prayer; In sweet meditation He always is there. My constant companion, O may we ne'er part! All glory to Jesus, He dwells in my heart.	3. O, who is like Jesus! He's Salem's bright King! He smiles, and he loves me, And helps me to sing: I'll praise him, I'll praise him, Whatever his will, While rivers of pleasure My spirit doth fill.
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No. 186.

I'M HAPPY. 11s.

FINE.

D.C.

The image shows the final measures of the musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner'. The score is in 3/4 time, treble and bass clefs, and consists of two staves. The top staff ends with a forte dynamic and a repeat sign, followed by the word 'FINE.' and 'D.C.' The bottom staff continues the melody. The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, primarily in eighth-note chords.

1. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account! My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, And long to be there With Jesus and angels, My kindred so dear.	2. Oh heaven! sweet heaven! I long to be there, And meet all my brethren; Thy glories to share. O angels! O angels! Till Jesus shall come, Protect and defend me, And guide me safe home.	3. Press on, faithful soldiers, You'll soon be discharged, The war will be ended, Your treasures enlarged. With singing and shouting, Though Jordan may roar, We'll enter fair Canaan And stand on the shore.
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No. 187.

I LOVE THEE. 11s.

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord ; I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God ; I love thee, I love thee, And that thou dost know : But how much I love thee I never can show.	2. O Jesus ! O Jesus ! Thou balm of my soul, 'Twas thou, my dear Saviour, That made my heart whole. O bring me to view thee Thou glorious King ; In regions of glory Thy praises to sing.	3. O Jesus, my Saviour ! With thee I am blest ! My life, my salvation, My joy and my rest ! Thy grace be my theme, and Thy name be my song, Thy love shall inspire both My heart and my tongue.
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FAMILIAR HYMNS.

No. 188.

Key G.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me.
Ref.—Even me, even me,
Let some drops now fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let thy mercy light on me.
3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'ret calling, oh, call me.
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

No. 189.

Key A_b.

1. More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee;
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee! More love to thee!
2. Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee! More love to thee!
3. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee! More love to thee!

No. 190.

Key E_b.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus.
Thou has bought us, thine we are.:||
2. We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.:||
3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou has mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.:||

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.:||

No. 191.

Key F.

1. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 192.

Key B_b.

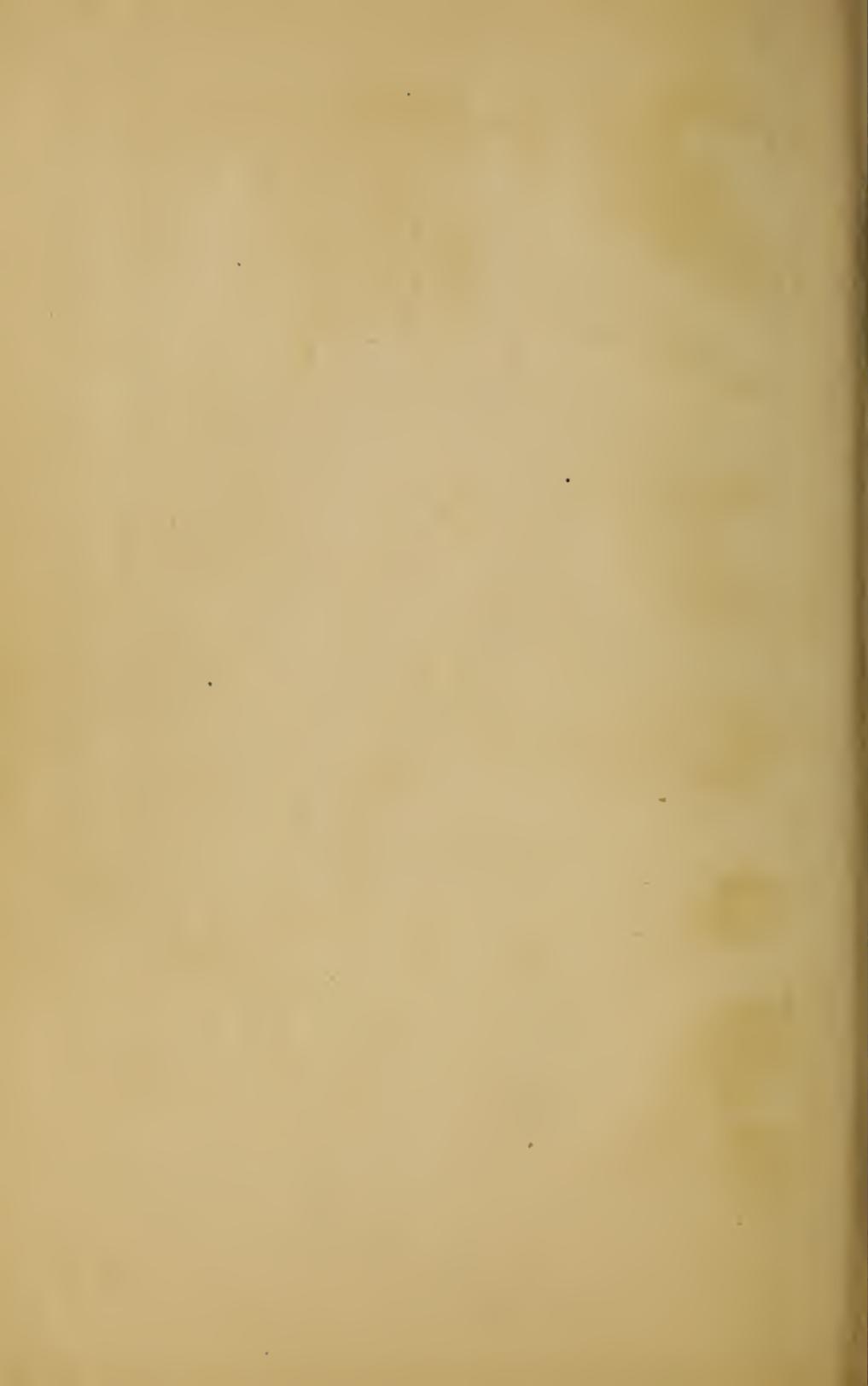
1. Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me.
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his
Ref.—Oh, sing of his mighty love, [hand.
||: Sing of his mighty love, :||
Mighty to save.
2. Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.
3. Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood can-
not cure; [find rest,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
4. O Jesus the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my
[King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
the grave, [Save.
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to

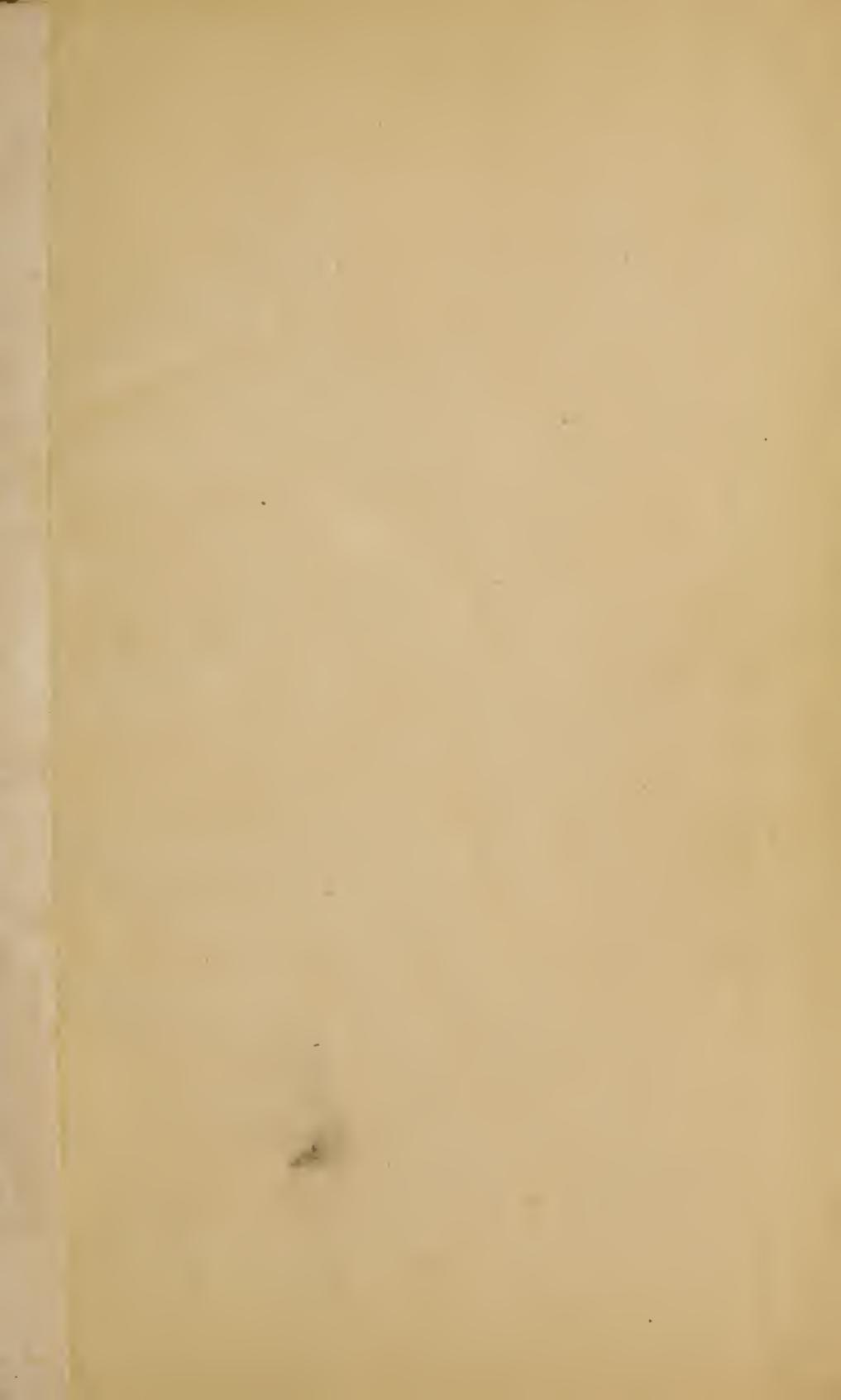
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